





BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE SONG OF OUR SYRIAN GUEST
THE LOVE WATCH
SAINT ABIGAIL OF THE PINES
THE SIGNS IN THE CHRISTMAS FIRE
THE SHEPHERD OF JEBEL NUR
NO ROOM IN THE INN
THE SONG OF OUR SYRIAN GUEST (*with notes*)
PETER IN THE FIRELIGHT
AT THE CROSSING WITH DENIS McSHANE
OUTSIDE A CITY WALL
ON THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM
TO LITTLE DAVID OF SMYRNA
A BEDOUIN LOVER
THE WELL BY BETHLEHEM'S GATE
THE PICTURELAND OF THE HEART

WAR-TIME “OVER HERE”

WAR-TIME "OVER HERE"



WILLIAM ALLEN KNIGHT

" .

Author of
"The Song of Our Syrian Guest"



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TO
Lieutenant Cleon Headley
and Our Gertrude
MARRIED, DECEMBER X
MCMXVII

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

These sketches have been written from day to day throughout the time of America's preparation for the part she is now beginning to play in the drama of world war. When the President at last severed diplomatic relations with Germany, "Two Voices" was published while the news was on every lip. Soon a group of Grammar School children, of various race stocks and strangers to me, rendered this "piece in the paper" in a manner that awed me. Their American hearts understood! Thereupon I resolved to do my best to interpret for our people the deeper meanings of the things that were to follow. The reception given many of the compositions thus put forth, as they appeared editorially in the *Boston Herald*, sustains my hope that friends who have wished to see some of them gathered into a book are not mistaken. Together they make a story — a story of the heart and soul of America at a time which will be illumined by the reverence of generations to come. The rapidly shifting phases of public affairs, as the nation moved with inexperienced and often confused action toward its task of destiny, are

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here touched upon one by one, and always on the human side of their significance. This little book witnesses to the spirit I have seen in our people as they faced the abhorred but now imperative ordeal of war.

W. A. K.

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WAR-TIME “OVER HERE”

WAR-TIME "OVER HERE"

I

A GUEST'S FORECAST

It is New Year's Day — the world is crashing into "the year of our Lord 1917." What will this year bring to pass? Lord Kitchener's seemingly unbelievable expectation that the war would last three years will be fulfilled in this year's mid-summer. And the end is not in sight. Will this year bring any sign of the war's outcome? America will make answer.

On the first Christmas of this war we had a guest never seen before nor since. He was a German of towering stature and powerful mentality. Accredited by his family's great kindness to one dear to us, he was cordially welcomed in spite of war's predicaments for so marked a man. The freedom of such hospitality warranted the following conversation:

"Johann, won't you tell us your view of the war?"

"I would go tomorrow to fight for the fatherland — if I only could."

"Certainly; but I wish I might know what you really think about the outcome of it all."

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There was a pause. Then, with a straight gaze at his host, the stalwart young German said: "Germany cannot win."

"Is that understood at home — among men like your father, I mean?"

"Yes — absolutely, it is."

"Why do you think Germany cannot win, Johann?"

"Too many against her."

"What will be the outcome, then?"

"They cannot crush her, either."

"Well, what do you expect — a stalemate, a draw?"

"Ah, nein, mein Herr!" was the solemn reply.

"They will — what is that word — shtarve? They will bring her to nothing left."

"Do you mean cut off her food supplies?"

"It may be so — but I think we can manage that a long time; but metals, petroleum for gasoline — all such things without which we can not fight — they will shtarve us for such things, by and by — not soon, but by and by. Of food they may shtarve us only if our crops fail, and then" — he paused, but presently went on — "and then your country becomes no longer neutral — joins our enemies."

"Johann, do Germans at home — men like your civilian father — think as you do about America's part in determining the outcome?"

"We know that we can stay in the game until America shakes the dice-box — and throws

A GUEST'S FORECAST

against us. That will end the playing of the game for us."

The great question now is, How much longer will the war last? This German forecast seems worth repeating in answer to that question. For America is now shaking the dice-box.

II

TWO VOICES

"The United States is again the great republic of Lincoln and Washington."—A Madrid newspaper, when the President severed diplomatic relations with Germany, February 3.

*Heard you two voices from our winter skies,
Serene above the world's embattled roar?
What time I hearkened, held in rapt surprise,
There came a peace I had not found before.*

FIRST VOICE

Come, let us watch together — come!

SECOND VOICE

It is the month in which we two were born
On yonder globe, in that far-spreading land.
How strange that through these peaceful years
for us
Those new-born millions keep our natal days —
Recall the words we spoke in bygone times
To guide them now, amid their vaster life!
Strange, too, that he who stands in our old place
Shall speak the fateful word in this same month!

FIRST VOICE

Come, let us watch together, friend!

TWO VOICES

The voices hushed. Meanwhile the shocks of
war

Went crashing through the pulsing hearts of
men.

A patient voice on earth rang out afar!

And then I heard the voices twain again.

FIRST VOICE

See, how in bloody clench all Europe writhes!
And Asia's outcry sweeps the westward sea!

SECOND VOICE

We little knew in those old days of ours,
When we upbore our country's sacred life,
What huger struggle would engulf it now.
Marked you whence came that patient, mighty
voice?

God keep the man who holds our place today!

Once more earth's fury raged — the voices stilled.

*The stars were dimmed while heaven's snow-
flakes fell.*

At length these words the upper silence filled —

I listened, and my spirit marked them well.

FIRST VOICE

Ah, how I strove to set our young land free —
And then, to keep its life forever safe
From Europe's ancient, dire entanglements!
But now — I see it can no longer be;

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The nation I established, you preserved,
Has grown too great to live henceforth alone!

SECOND VOICE

The world awaits the touch of freemen's power —
Its human might of words and acts that glow
With scorn of racial hate and hoary wrongs.

FIRST VOICE

The Father of us all on yonder throne,
Who once through me made free our new-born
land
And kept it whole for freedom's sake through
you,
Now wills that it shall speak with might for
Him,
To end war's slavery for all the world.

SECOND VOICE

Oh, will they wake and stand like freemen still —
Those millions thriving all from coast to coast?
I well remember even yet how oft,
When war imperilled our dear country's life,
I pondered how you prayed at Valley Forge.
Will they remember now your prayers, and
mine —
Recall what kept us right and made us strong?
Will he remember who now holds our place?

TWO VOICES

FIRST VOICE

Come, we may pray for them together, now —
May go and stand for them by heaven's throne!

*So heard I voices from the winter skies,
Serene above the world's embattled roar.
And while I listened, held in rapt surprise,
There came a peace I sought in vain before.*

III

“ WE CAN DO NO OTHER ”

On April 2 the President addressed Congress in special session, calling for a declaration of war against Germany. The Senate so voted on the 4th, the House on the 6th, the President signing the declaration on the same day, which was Good Friday. In the spirit of Calvary we took up our Cross!

“ God helping her,” thus the President ended the fateful utterance that would throw our country into the world war, “ God helping her, she can do no other.” And those are the very words of an immortal German!—“ Ich kann nicht anders! Gott helf mir, Amen! ”

Surely the President's scholarly mind was fully aware whence came those words with which he crowned his august pronouncement. Surely, in choosing them at such a historic climax of speech, he deliberately meant to show veneration for the true spirit of the German people as the modern world has known it. Here is something too significant, too delicately noble to be overlooked amid war's awakening uproar.

The President's kind and even fond thought of the German people was clear and persistent throughout his momentous address calling for a declaration of war on their intolerable govern-

“ WE CAN DO NO OTHER ”

ment. In these last words that fell from his lips, he paid tribute to the German folk-soul, as if to crown all he had said with good will. It is so deftly done that it is all the more a high token of sincerity.

Our German fellow-citizens will do well to take to heart such tokens of the spirit that is in this nation as we go to war with Germany. As the President is careful to emphasize, we enter the conflict “ not in enmity towards a people or with desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all consideration of humanity and of right and is running amuck.” To that discriminating decision of this nation all who live here will do well to conform with absolute fidelity. They who are of German blood may find great aid in so doing in the President’s abounding care to voice the high friendship of our people for the people of Germany. And all the rest of us should keep before our eyes his declaration, “ We shall, happily, still have opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life.”

But this in no way implies soft-handed procedure from this day forward. These German words throb on our lips with their original passion — defiance of wrong insufferable, unflinch-

WAR-TIME "OVER HERE"

ing resolve to face and overpower it at all costs. We, too, will go forward "though there be as many devils in Germany as tiles on the house-tops."

Both our good will and our grimly inevitable action can best be viewed by all, here at home and across the sea, through those last words of the President's call to war, when, with fine discernment and gracious but herculean poise, he gathered up the spirit of this nation into the words of a German — "We can do no other; God help us."

IV

WAR'S WONDER WORKS

Some of war's marvels come to pass so silently and in such widely sundered outreaches of human life that the mind must focus its vision to discern them amid more obvious affairs.

"Isabelle was to have been married in June, you know," so reads many a letter in the mail-bags these mid-April days, "but her fiancé received word to hold himself ready to be called out, and — there was a quiet little wedding at our house last night! You will understand why you did not receive an invitation. Nobody did." Maiden hearts are roused from ecstasies of preparation to sudden resoluteness of womanly adventure in claiming their own against the ominous future. And away yonder, the autocrat of all Russia falls from his erstwhile adamant throne as the shriveled apple drops from a wind-shaken bough; and still further off, thousands of exiles, shaggy and emaciated and hopeless until now, are journeying out of Siberia — homeward bound! Meanwhile, yesterday six children — five boys and a curly-headed girl — were seen marching on the sidewalk of mansioned Beacon Street, a fine little lad commanding and a toy drum firmly tapping. So vast is the range of war's wonder works.

WAR-TIME "OVER HERE"

Between such extremes what mysteries of change are taking place, in our land now as in many another heretofore; for the government has called for 500,000 volunteers. In homes of the poor and the lowly, oncoming ravages are already being confronted by manœuvres of the spirit — perils of livelihood faced, perils of the simples of human contentment. In all homes, rich or poor, mothers are victoriously marshalling their souls to realize that their fondly cherished boys are and must be men from this day forward — their boys are enlisting. And, presto, men all but fossilized in self-enriching ways of life are suddenly pondering generous acts — to forego opportunities for shrewdly enlarged profits, to give over a favorite yacht or country house for the nation's use, to provide time and place for employés to drill, to hoist the flag on rigidly managed store or factory and let love of country flame in the breast of elevator boy or salesman or machinist unabashed.

Women sumptuously housed and habituated to delicate pleasures of body and mind are transformed into earnest plan-makers and hand-workers — achieving exactitude in making bandages as prescribed by hospital experts, skilled in producing articles of comfort for fighting men in camp and field, their instinctive powers of womanliness strangely resurrected as if by a human Easter day. Boys and girls at school are listing vacant lots which may become the scene

WAR'S WONDER WORKS

of their summer toil, potatoes and beans looming in their minds with a charm like that of the golden apples of Hesperides. And the day's news tells of Elihu Root and Theodore Roosevelt — "burying the hatchet," manfully calling on all to join in supporting the Democratic President in words that sound as if the millennium had come.

These things are but samples of war's manifold wonder works. Amid the more obvious aspects, sometimes inspiring but often abhorrent, such magic effects lend deeper meaning. What is it? From Italy, D'Annunzio, the soldier-poet, sends a message to America that gives answer. Its last words are these: "April 15 is the anniversary of Lincoln's death. From his sepulchre there issue again the noble words that fell from his lips at Gettysburg: 'I say to you that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom.'"

V

PAYING FOR OUR SOUL'S DESIRE

At the opening of the Civil War Charles Eliot Norton was as sharp a critic of Lincoln as any one has been of Roosevelt in recent affairs. When that war was scarcely half over the scholar-patriot wrote: "I conceive Lincoln's character to be on the whole the great net gain of the war." Roosevelt is saying and doing much these days which is producing a like change in the thought of many who have been his critics. As April goes by the real Roosevelt is showing out in the high light of another great national struggle.

Man of action that he is, a veritable dynamo of energy and motive power, yet he is the man who when crises come is surest to forge the cold truth we need into words fired by much pondering and moulded with masterly skill. Once again it is Roosevelt who has put the truth for the present hour into words that ring like a bell: "For the sake of our own soil, for the sake of memories of the great Americans of the past, we must show that we do not intend to make this merely a dollar war. Let us pay with our bodies for our soul's desire."

Bishop Lawrence has stated the present situation with precision: "We're at war. You wouldn't think it from the way people you meet

PAYING FOR OUR SOUL'S DESIRE

on the streets act and talk. But we are at war. That's going to cost lives and money and possibly chagrin, because we may discover that we are not ready." Our returned ambassador, fresh from Berlin, is now unsealing his lips and declaring: "The Germans were to bring on this submarine war, force England to surrender and then come here to get the expenses of the war from America. Those are the matters that have been openly discussed in the Prussian Parliament, in the Reichstag and in the best-known newspapers of Germany. If we had not gone into this war, I am absolutely convinced that Germany, after the war had been won by her, or after the war had ended in a draw, would have come over to attack us." General Leonard Wood is speaking to us with the solemnity of expert certitude, as Kitchener spoke at the beginning to lethargic England — "Get ready. Begin seriously. You women have got to check up the slackers. Get ready to send men across the sea. Back up the President." And it is Roosevelt who forges into a single sentence the imminent need, the impelling motives, the requisite spirit of self-devotement, the sublime cause to be served — "Let us pay with our bodies for our soul's desire."

Our soul's desire? Have we been so long secure in liberty and peace that we have no soul's desire — so lulled by immunity that we are dulled until our soul's desire has expired? Is the

WAR-TIME "OVER HERE"

spirit of our great past atrophied in the men and women and youth of today? It may be that our human spirits have become habituated to ease through long freedom from war's perils. It may seem to many unbelievable that war, so profoundly hated and so long repudiated as an anachronism by us, has actually raised its huge bulk in our waters — cast its black shadow on our shores. But once the fact is realized, our soul's desire will burn anew, and like a beacon rally our millions to the heroism known of old.

Now that the issue in this monstrous eruption of war has become clear; now that we see "the standards of the people plunging through the thunder-storm," our course can no longer be doubted. The foremost people's nation of the earth, seeing that the welfare of all is bound up with the outcome of Europe's struggle, will not fail to show itself a freedom-guarding nation. Our young men and those who love them will, if it must be, "pay with our bodies for our soul's desire."

VI

POOR RICHARD'S VINDICATION

The anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's death went by only a few days since. Immediately thereafter in this momentous April we are witnessing the arrival on our shores of the high commissioners of England and France. In view of the circumstances that bring them here and the purpose of their coming, there is great force in a remark dropped by a Boston woman. "This," said she, "is Poor Richard's coronation day."

It was Franklin whose homely wisdom drove home to the minds of distraught Americans in colonial times the value of thrift. His "Poor Richard's Almanac," unfailing in its eagerly awaited appearance for a quarter of a century, taught the people of the colonies, among many other practical bits of wisdom, to put money in their purse. "As Poor Richard says" became a household form of speech throughout the land. And he steadily urged the blessings gained by economy and enterprise and consequent full-handedness in money matters. "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright," said Poor Richard. "Sensible people will give a bucket or two of water to a dry pump, that they may afterward get from it all they have occasion for." So

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the sound mind of Franklin buoyed up the heavy-laden souls of America in those early times.

To add to the charm of his words, he it was who, before the war for independence, took charge of the postal service and made it a source of revenue instead of debt. When the war came on, he it was who went to France, induced the authorities there to guarantee a loan of two million francs a year in quarterly payments, got them to permit arms and ammunition to be sent from France to America and the fitting out of privateers there. When the young nation was established, and many were bewailing blighted business and the high cost of living and the general hard times, he issued his "Consolation to America." Every man that put a seed into the ground, he declared, was recompensed forty-fold; every man that drew a fish out of the waters drew up a piece of silver. With so many industrious people in the land, said he with grim geniality, on cool examination the prospect would appear less gloomy than was imagined. What wonder that Poor Richard had the ear and heart of Americans in those days as no other man did in the matter of making them realize that "money makes the mare go"!

True, some charged him with teaching a "candle-end-saving philosophy"—with stooping to the low-browed shrewdness of "laying up treasure on earth." But his high ideals, his

POOR RICHARD'S VINDICATION

noble self-surrender to public service, his insistence on daily appeals to Heaven for guidance in the nation's business, rendered such charges innocuous. And the people heeded his voice as he went on insisting that "Heaven helps those who help themselves, as Poor Richard says."

And now? Now America, great in her history, mighty in her ideals, superb in her resources, has just welcomed to her shores Viviani and Joffre from France, Balfour from England. They come out of the maelstrom of Europe's war. They come with grateful and reverent honor — to accept America's regal loans, to help throw America's huge resources into the titanic scales of war wherein the destinies of civilization are being weighed. The determinative wealth of the world is in America now. The thrift and enterprise, the achieving skill and toil of America's laborers and business men are to master the world's fate. The bag stands upright now, because it is not empty, but full. Poor Richard is smiling, no doubt, up in the heavenlies. For his vindication has come. This is his coronation day.

VII

ARMS AND A MAN

When Virgil struck that ringing chord, "Arms and a man I sing," he sounded the octave notes of an age-long song. Arms, and with them a man — that is the gamut of one of humanity's endless joys. It has been so from the song which Deborah sang when she herself rallied Israel's men and sent forth Barak at their head to drive back Sisera's hosts, to this May day's jubilation when Boston hails the man who withstood Germany's onrush and saved Paris. Arms and a man we sing.

Only one other strain in the music of mankind has been so vibrant and so undying. It is that of love — at base, love and woman. Of these two the human spirit has sung evermore. In Virgil's tongue the very words are strikingly alike — *arma* for arms, *amor* for love. And, moreover, revolt as we may and doubtless should from the terrors of war, from the havoc it brings in love's bright realm, nevertheless it is true that arms and love have ever been strangely commingled. Men wield arms for love's sake; love crowns the heroes of arms. Was it hate or love that wrested the victory of the Marne from the drive against beautiful Paris? And how Marshal Joffre is enshrined by love — fondly

ARMS AND A MAN

called Papa now, forever set in the glowing heart of France as her savior!

Shall we acclaim this latest embodiment of the world's ancient ideal of heroic manhood, and add our love's radiance to the glory his own country has poured about this silent veteran's immortalized person, and yet forget what his presence among us really means? Arms and a man, of that supreme combination must our hearts sing today. Marshal Joffre and the statesman Viviani are here as men who, each in his place, have given proof of what manhood in arms can do and will do for love's sake. They are here because they are now looking to us to do the same — looking to the men of America to join the men overseas in showing what love of right, love of liberty, love of country and homes and dear ones can do and will do. They are here to receive the majestic token we Americans can give that we also know the ringing music of "Arms and a man." It is ours to sound that music clear and full, as each man and each woman may, by the sacrifices and the service we render for love's sake. This should be for us a day of consecration. So shall Marshal Joffre, panoplied in his battle glory, find us a people who share his spirit's fire and are worthy to join in his praise.

VIII

A SEER ON A STREET CAR

"Will this car land me in Newton, sir?" He was a grizzled stranger who had just survived the crush about the door of a subway car at Park Street and was doubly happy in finding a seat. His voice had the sign royal of a gentleman. There was that unmistakable something about him which marks the traveled man. The May sunshine awoke memories of the Mediterranean. We were soon conversing. Paris, Constantinople, Port Said, Colombo—all seemed near in the light of his pensive eyes. The swaying of the strap-hangers added to the sense of being on shipboard which his talk imparted.

"Terrible as it is," he was saying presently, "this war is a sort of world house-cleaning. While writing a friend the other day I found myself listing the things it has done or is sure to do for the world's bettering. The list grew surprisingly long. Strange, isn't it?"

As the crowded car rolled on the stranger talked of his tabulation: "England needed a leveling of class barriers to clear the way for her long process toward democracy to become effective. She's getting it now. France needed spiritualizing, a deepening of her life to the soul's realities, to make her democracy safe

A SEER ON A STREET CAR

and sound. She's got just that. Russia's deep-souled people were bound in the irons of despotism. Her bonds are broken as if they were but withes of straw. The Turkish empire, long like a stenchful carcass on the highway between the East and the West, is actually about to be pushed aside and may be buried from sight. Palestine, whose plight under Moslem rule has been a mortification to Christendom since the Crusades, and a grief to Judaism, is now as good as won back to the keeping of those who will love and cherish its sanctities."

A stalwart young American in khaki just then pushed his way to the strap above us. The stranger ran his eyes up and down the lithe form.

"America," he went on, "has lived so long in plenty and security that her ideals were dying out. She was gaining the world of the body and losing her own soul. Democracy, human liberty, was languishing in the land of its greatest triumphs. The caste spirit of the East was taking root here, the social code of Europe was spreading. Now America is finding her soul again. Her youth is resurgent. That young fellow's eyes have caught the gleam of something finer than dollars or pleasures or privileged pride. As Lincoln said, 'This nation will under God have a new birth of freedom.'"

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The stranger smiled and tossed his gray head as if diverting himself from possibly too much speaking. But a few words of appreciation sufficed to reassure and lead him on.

"Your prosperity, really imperilled from within by growing prodigality, will be advanced immensely in the time to come because this war will force your people to learn the forgotten arts of conservation, of common-sense economy. Your health and mental keenness will be greatly advantaged by the abandonment of costly catering to the palate and the simplifying of diet which will come for a time in the stress of war. Your temperance problems, which have gained so much by becoming questions of business efficiency, will now gain far more by becoming a matter of saving the vast quantities of grain used for making drink that all may provide food for your people and their allies overseas. Your labor men, who by unionism have won so much for their own welfare, will now see the importance of thinking and acting for the good of all — a thing which had become of the most imperative urgency. For what are all their labor victories worth if the industries of the land and the welfare of the purchasing public are ruined by enemy aggression? Your moneyed men of business will now awake to their utter dependence on the nation's security and welfare. There will be no more of 'the public be damned' spirit — not for a while at least. Your polyglot citizenship will

A SEER ON A STREET CAR

be welded in war's fire into a solid Americanism — a thing which the huge immigration of the past has made a matter of life or death to your country. And America will be shaken out of her self-centered life, awakened to a realization of the part she must take in meeting the needs of the world to save her own life. 'No man lives to himself, and no man dies to himself,' is going to come true in America's thinking now."

We reluctantly reached the button to stop the car at the next street. "Do you go ashore here?" said the stranger.

IX

A LIVING GOD

In this bright week of May churches have celebrated what is known as Ascension Day. The week just ending is therefore the crown of the "Christian Year." The round of commemorative celebrations which begins with Advent, bursts into the gladness of Christmastide, deepens to the solemnities of Good Friday, and pours the mellow light of Easter on all believers — this would be as a firmament of cold stars, beautiful and impressive, yet distant and cold like night skies, if there were no rising sun, no ascending Lord, no living God.

"In the trenches," a Cambridge man recently wrote home from a battlefield in France, "in the trenches there are three imperatives — food, work, God." Men simply cannot live there without God! As our experience of life, trying enough for most of us in ordinary times, now deepens to compass the things we must face as we go forward into the trials of a people at war, we too shall find ourselves driven to conscious need of God — of the living God. Amid the babel of these days, therefore, amid the tumult of threshing out methods for providing ways and means, amid the discussion of tax bills, the issuing of bonds to let the future share our bur-

A LIVING GOD

den, the proclaiming of selective draft measures; amid the mingled heartaches and thrills of pride as parents and young wives and younger sweet-hearts take leave of husky youths going away in khaki; amid the disordering of all ordinary sources of supply for daily needs and the soaring costs of living and the unfamiliar rushing to get as much ground broken up and planted as possible — amid all these things, it will be well for us to take to heart that for which this week of the Christian year stands. Others have found it imperative. We shall, also, sooner or later.

The war of a half century ago was ended at last. The relieved heart of the nation was suddenly plunged once more into anguish. Men and women heard with blanched faces that President Lincoln had been shot to death. A frenzied crowd, surging in a New York street, saw a man appear in a balcony. It was General James A. Garfield — he who was himself to be the next martyred President. He lifted his arm to still the multitude. Then his wonderful voice sent these words over the listening people: "Clouds and darkness are round about Him. Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne. Fellow-citizens, God reigns; and the government at Washington still lives!" The hush that fell at those words was magical, healing, strength-giving.

Charles Kingsley left a fragment among his papers which is all the more impressive because

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uncompleted. None of us can quite complete expression of our thoughts on the subject of which he tried to sing. But we can try to sing of it — can try to realize its strangely healing consolations and strong upholdings. Here is the substance of Kingsley's fragment of song:

"They drift away. Ah, God! they drift forever.
I watch the stream sweep onward to the sea,
Like some lone buoy upon a roaring river
Round which the tide-waifs hang — then drift
to sea.

"Yet overhead the boundless arch of heaven
Still fades to night, still blazes into day.

.

Ah, God! my God! Thou wilt not drift
away!"

X

THE VICTORY OF THE CHEERFUL

“Tell her our first victory must be cheerfulness — and we’ll dig ourselves in to hold it.” The train was moving off. He was young enough to have a figure that was captivating in khaki, old enough to have a face that did not hide tenderness for some woman left behind. His message was one that may well be heralded to all homes from which men and youths are going to war as May closes. “Our first victory must be cheerfulness — and we’ll dig ourselves in to hold it.”

Everybody ought to see by this time that the war we are entering is so great that it is to be won only by stages, not by single decisive dashes of any sort. This was revealed when the victory of the Marne turned back the German hosts that had broken through the defence lines in Belgium and were on their way to Paris. It has been demonstrated by the stupendous grapple from trench to trench ever since then. Everything that has loomed clear before the watching world out of the whole vast welter of war has added to the adamant certainty that the final victors must be content with winning one step and then another — one step at a time, held with a spirit undespairing and of unquenchable cheer.

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We ought to begin at once to learn and apply this lesson from the struggle overseas. And the first victory we can win, the first trench we can gain and hold, is to make our way to cheerfulness, good courage, a robust and buoyant state of mind. While the huge process of making ready for the big drive goes on, while billions of money and hosts of men and mountains of munitions and measureless food supplies and unnumbered ships are being made ready, "our first victory must be cheerfulness — and we must dig ourselves in to hold it." Yielding to anxiety, foreboding ill, giving way to heartache as loved men and boys go from us, is weakening and disabling to us as a people. It makes things all the harder for those who must go. It strips us who stay behind of that immense power which inspiring love can put forth for the upholding of men who must face present hardships and impending perils. And it does so prematurely, before there is any real occasion for such disaster to our resources of heart. For it is obviously altogether likely that months will pass before any large number of Americans besides regulars will leave home shores. And who knows what may come to pass in that time to alter the part of our citizen soldiers in the war!

It is high time, indeed, that a legion of the cheerful should form and move in solid ranks to win our first victory as a nation. Every sound-hearted man should enlist therein at once. No

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matter, in this case, if he be past the draft age. No matter if he has some bodily defect. If only his spirit is brave and able to keep a cheerful courage, let him join the ranks. All true women should enlist, too. Every one of them who does so will resolutely stop letting dark forebodings depress her, will cease gloomy talk in her home, or when she meets a friend, or as she works in her club or church or sewing-circle group preparing Red Cross supplies and the like. And in her letters to son or husband, brother or lover, she will remember to do her bit as a recruit in the legion of the cheerful. There will be many a relieved smile in soldier camps, many a strengthened heart-beat under khaki, when such letters begin to reach the men preparing for war! Both men and women can begin at once to win this victory by talking and acting with good cheer and courage, in home and business and national affairs.

Heaven only knows what victories our men in arms may have to win by and by. But we all know this, that they will win them, if they must, all the more surely when the time comes, if we at home now win this first victory and dig ourselves in to hold it against all assaults of anxiety, loneliness, longing and fear. This war must be won by stages. Remember the message of the man in khaki, and enlist now in the legion of the cheerful.

XI

THE SPIRIT OF "STRIKE-THE-REE"

In the land of the Dakotas there was once an old Indian chief whose name was Strike-the-Ree. The city of Yankton and Yankton College preserve the name of his tribe. His own name is still revered thereabout. For old Strike-the-Ree steadfastly held the Yanktons loyal to the "great father," the United States government; and he did so because he never forgot that when he was a papoose he was wrapped in the stars and stripes. When a certain tribe, the Rees, became turbulent, put on their war-paint and attacked the friends and people of the "great father," he smote them man-fashion. Hence the name — Struck-by-the-Ree some records have it, while others feature the man himself by calling him Strike-the-Ree. The point of interest is that he gave the strength of his manhood to befriending the government whose flag enfolded him in childhood.

On a journey through the Middle West, amid the eager life of early June we found the people there reproducing the spirit of Strike-the-Ree. They are doing so in a manner which ought to arouse New England's historic patriotism. They seemed to have little or no sense of any impending danger to themselves or their immediate

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interests. Living far inland, amid vast expanses of productive soil and all sorts of natural resources, they do not share with us who dwell on the Atlantic coast any thought of what German guns might and would do to homes and bank vaults and business or public structures, should those guns somehow get by the British fleet at last. Yet our Western fellow-countrymen are rallying to the nation's call with a loyalty nothing short of stupendous. Everywhere cities and towns were seen to be awake as they are not in New England, each striving to reach its Liberty Bond quota or to fill up its enrolment possibilities, and to go beyond the same as far and as soon as possible.

Why are they doing all this — these Middle West people who feel quite secure themselves? It was clear that they are moved by loyalty to the nation that has shielded them and theirs. In other words, they are reproducing the spirit of Strike-the-Ree. American to the backbone, they are of the sort that put the "can" on the end of that name by putting "I" in the middle of it. Each man, woman and child seemed to have caught that spirit.

Shall not we of New England be true to our inspiring traditions? The whole country has greatened its soul on them — on the story of Pilgrims, patriots, heroes of the common weal. But the zeal of the Middle West, in spite of its inland security, may well awaken New Eng-

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land here on the exposed seaboard. Both East and West now have huge need for quick and unflinching action in the spirit of Strike-the-Ree.

XII

NERO'S FOLLY BROUGHT DOWN TO DATE

They were two plain men in the smoker of a local train beyond the Mississippi River. A stranger chanced to be seated in front of them. It was early June.

"What d'you think I'd better do about these Liberty Bonds everybody is so stirred up over?" said the younger of the two. "I don't see any good reason," answered the older man, "why you or me should put good money into them things that give us only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., when we can get s' much more out of a lot of other things."

A moment was allowed to pass. Then the following conversation took place:

"Gentlemen, what kind of trees are those off there — those tall ones in clumps?"

"Cottonwood and box-elder."

"Fine looking, aren't they? Why is it that they are clustered like great bouquets all over this fine open country, where trees are so scarce?"

"They're homesteader plantings — folks set 'em out round their houses and barns in the early days."

"How long have they been growing?"

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"Oh, thirty or forty years," said the older man.

"There has been a lot of trouble in these parts in that time, hasn't there — Indian raids, for instance?"

"Sure; but Uncle Sam looked out for things purty sharp around here."

"Ah, I see. Gentlemen, I heard you say just now that you saw no good reason why you should put money into these Liberty Bonds at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., when you can get much more out of other things. Did you ever stop to think that all these other fine things that have grown up in this country, just like those trees out there on the prairie, would never have got established here but for Uncle Sam's protection, and that they may be utterly ruined now, blown into smithereens, if we don't all stand by the government in this big war?"

The older man looked out of the window and whistled indifferently. The stranger thought of how Nero fiddled while Rome burned — while its time-grown glories went up in flame and smoke!

Presently the younger man leaned over the seat's back and said: "Stranger, I get you. I guess you're right. It's up to us now. And I'm going to buy one of these Liberty Bonds myself, anyway."

But the old blockhead by the window whistled on.

XIII

THE WAR AND THE COMING MILLIONS

Once when Henry Clay was traveling by carriage, as men did in his day, on a mountain road affording an extensive outlook over the then primitive Ohio valley, he alighted and stood as if listening intently. Asked what he heard, he replied: "I seem to hear the tread of the coming millions."

This incident was recently recalled by a teacher cherished by many. The June "drive" for the first Liberty Loan was at its final stage, and everybody was anxious about the outcome. "We greatly need just now," said she, "to be mindful of the Americans of the future — to 'hear the tread of the coming millions.' We need to do this for our own sake as well as for theirs."

"Why for our own sake? — Do you mean that we need the inspiration of feeling that we are charged with safeguarding the American heritage, now in peril, for the coming millions?"

"Oh! yes, that — of course! But we simply must let them help us — must let them bear their part in this awful war."

"But how, pray, can that be done?" we asked, with a pardonable air of wonderment at such a proposal.

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"That is the very point which so many will fail to see, I'm afraid," our friend replied. Her teacherly heart soon lighted her frown with a smile. Then she talked in substance as follows:

One of the most fate-deciding matters, as we go into this war, is the course we take in providing the vast sums of money we must now raise for ourselves and our allies. This is a matter in which we can let coming Americans help us, if we only see that we can and then do it. Long after the guns have hushed on land and sea, long after the as yet almost inconceivable scene of the signing of peace documents has been enacted, this matter of paying such staggering sums of money will be a very present actuality. When the young men of our day have finished undergoing the hardships of leaving home and school and business, when this generation has completed its sacrifice of body-wholeness and life itself, when the war sorrows of Americans now living have become calm and hallowed memories, our war debt will not be a thing of the past. It alone, of all our present war burdens, will remain tangible, unabated, unmellowed by time. It will still loom as real as granite mountains. It, therefore, is the only thing which the coming millions can possibly help us handle.

It is thoroughly right that they should help us; for they will benefit immeasurably by what we now do — that is, if we do it victoriously.

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And it is immensely important, both for their sakes and for our own, that we should see how they can help us and deliberately let them do it. Too heavy immediate taxation on ourselves will prove disabling to us who must fight this war through — who alone can do so. This, of course, would be calamitous, both for us and for those who shall come after us. All is at stake now — we ourselves must decide the awful issue! What folly to weight and weaken our battle powers by attempting to carry too much of the financial load which the coming millions could share with us, and will if we only let them!

Now, that is precisely what this Liberty Loan means, and what other bond issues that ought to follow should be understood to mean. These bond issues simply capitalize the nation's future resources to help us in winning our fight for all we cherish against present perils. A nation's credit is as practical and actual an asset as a man's in business — as practical and as actual an asset as bullion or coal or crops or man-power. These bonds utilize that asset, just as a business man does to survive an emergency. They pass on to the future the burdens which would break our powers and resources now — pass them on to a time in the nation's life when they can be borne without ruin — pass them on to times which will be prosperous because of our valiant safeguarding of the common welfare now — pass on the only portion of our present burdens which

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future Americans can help us bear. In this Liberty Loan we really "hear the tread of the coming millions."

"And it is simply a matter," said we, "of whether we loan the government the money it must have and receive interest on it, or let the government put its hand in our pockets by taxation and take it without interest or repayment."

"Yes," said the veteran teacher, with a look of satisfaction.

XIV

TO THE LEGION OF THE CHEERFUL

An unusual welcome has been given to the message of the man in khaki which we passed on some weeks ago. "Tell her," said he, as the soldier-train started, "that our first victory must be cheerfulness — and we'll dig ourselves in to hold it." He little dreamed, this man so stanchly tender, that his words would reach such numbers of people besides that one woman uppermost in his thoughts. Yet, should he ever chance to hear of what has come to pass, we trust him to smile good-naturedly and forgive our invasion of his rightful privacy. There are so many these June days who need such a message as his!

From near and far have come the responses to our proposal that a legion of the cheerful be formed at once to withstand the assaults of anxieties, hardships and losses, to do away with gloomy talk and depressed action. Indeed, our man in khaki seems to rival the wonderful Roosevelt in power to draw a valiant host after him. Better still, his legion is sure of a prompt welcome into the nation's fighting array. We therefore proceed forthwith to salute the Legion of the Cheerful and to issue, as it were, the order of the day.

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The victory of cheerfulness, it is hereby bulletined, is never to be sought by indifference to actual conditions or neglect of the duties they impose. On the contrary, it is to be won by buoyancy of spirit in full view of conditions as they are, by firm refusal to let ill forebodings make them worse than they really are, and by courageous self-giving to help meet and master them. These three regulations should be thoroughly fixed in mind and strictly maintained in action by all recruits in the Legion of the Cheerful.

When Thomas Carlyle heard of Margaret Fuller's declaration that she had made up her mind to take the universe as she found it, the old sage chortled: "Gad, she'd better!" The sooner we do the same in this dazing war business, so like the universe in its dire inevitabilities and mysteries of suffering through man's strange blend of evil and good, the sooner and the more surely will the end of it all be ours to welcome. The spirit of a people has often been the deciding factor in the ordeal of war. "Optimism," as a writer in the *British Weekly* recently said, "optimism is the invariable specific for success in war." Depression, gloom, dark brooding — these are the worn stones in the descent to the inferno of incompetence, helplessness, delayed victory or even ultimate defeat. This, we know, is true evermore in our individual life struggles. It is just as true of nations.

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And the heart of a nation, whence flows the vitality that nerves and empowers the whole body, is its homes. If they be depressed, weakened of cheer and buoyant courage, the nation will be like a man whose heart is functioning amiss — tremulous, unable to achieve. The deepest reason for cheerfulness is that it is the surest way to end troubles which we must face until we ourselves end them. While young men are training, while munition plants are turning out war's terrible tools, while shipyards are clangorously fashioning a host of sea servants, while Red Cross funds and supplies are growing like summer's yield under the warmth of our love and compassion, we who are left in the homes of the land must generate in fullest stores the spirit of victory, the cheer of the undaunted and overcoming heart. For this only can send the thrill of power through all the rest. Women are the most valuable recruits in making up the legion of the cheerful which must do this indispensable part in winning victory. But they, alas, suffer most from the terrors of war. Home-bound men should therefore see to it, by all that manhood's strength and tenderness can devise, that nothing is left undone to help them win this victory. So shall victory be ours at the front — and then, then only, will our troubles end.

XV

THE NUGGET IN THE ROAD

Did you chance to read, amid the pardonably tumultuous news pages of these late June days, a certain little item from a Montana town, recently published? It was to the effect that a nugget of gold, not very big, but pure and of large worth, had been found lying in the commonplace roadway of the Western community. The news item had the human touch of skilled journalism in that it instinctively added enough to the statement of the fact reported to satisfy the query, "How did it get there?" It appears that there are mountains round about that town — mountains whence vast minings of precious ore have been taken in time past, though men have deemed them pretty well exhausted of late years and have given them but little attention. And there had been a heavy rain, a prolonged downpour — to be brief, amid the wash from these mountains, all agleam as it lay in wet sand, had come down that nugget in the road.

The suggestiveness of this quaint bit of news, its symbolic worth, is too fine and vital to go by unheralded. There are mountains round about common human life, mountains whence a priceless yield has been gathered in the past, mountains which busy moderns have neglected as ex-

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hausted for practical purposes — the mountains of things spiritual and eternal. A drenching and destructive storm of anxiety, trouble and suffering has been flooding all life. And amid this overwhelming of all common human affairs, men everywhere are finding — strangely enough amid such ruin — a nugget in the road.

What is it? Let the letters going from heart to heart these days answer — those simple, friendship-guarded and therefore open-hearted and genuine records of what is now going on in the breasts of men and women.

We recently quoted from the letter of a Cambridge man now at the front in France, in which he wrote to friends here that there are three imperatives in the trenches — food, work, God. A number of inquiries have come for “the book quoted.” Those words are from nothing so formal as a book; they were written in a letter to friends at home. In response to them a young man in the hardships of an ill-equipped training station has written: “I don’t seem to feel that third imperative. I would say that the imperatives here are food, work, and a chum. Can you tell me what is the matter and how I can get that third imperative? For I need it and want it.” The reply sent him was that he had the basis of what his compatriot in the trenches had gained, in his sense of the need of a chum — of one who would be true to him and to whom he would be true for mutual help and comfort and cheer.

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He needed only to lift his idea of a chum's worth to its highest terms to find the supreme One who would be true to him and to whom he would be true. This comes to pass by doing what Lady Henry Somerset affirms she once heard, as it were, a voice bidding her do: "Act as though God were, and thou shalt know God is."

A brilliant young officer in a far-away training camp recently wrote home, out of his soul's struggle in view of the horrible thing war is to a fine nature: "I think I'm more religious since I've been here, more really religious, than ever before. In the first place, I've been thinking a good deal about it. And then, I suppose, I'm living a more normal life in a way. No use talking, being busy outdoors brings a man closer to his Maker. And then, presumptuous as it may seem, I feel as though I begin to see a little way into the inscrutability of this war and the great power of God 'keeping watch above His own.'"

Do not such words, abounding in the heart to heart communications which the mails are now bearing over land and sea, make clear what this world storm has brought into common life — the golden nugget in the road?

XVI

PATRIOTS AS OF OLD

There are many acts of patriotism without parade or the glorification of band music, as this Fourth of July goes by. What loyalty, for example, is tingling in womanly hands plying knitting needles in odd minutes snatched amid household cares or through quiet hours on summer verandas! What love of country and its manhood glows in zealous groups gathering in all sorts of places for making Red Cross supplies! Many a pastor smiled with appreciation this week, all over Boston and doubtless throughout the country, as he heard at his telephone: "This is the manager of your exchange. I am acting for Mr. Hoover, to remind you of the letter you received from him. We hope you will help the cause of food conservation by speaking of it to your congregation next Sunday." And many a man, whose hands have hardly grasped a hoe since he was a boy, is now in his garden in morning or evening hours, careless of blisters, serving the same prosaic but none the less patriotic cause that enlisted the telephone official.

These are but examples of the many unsignalized acts of patriotism nowadays. They give proof that the spirit of 1776 is glowing still in 1917. It is timely and for the public good that

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one of a different kind be referred to now, when subscribers for the Liberty Bonds have recently made their second payment under the government's plan.

In the matter of paying for these bonds, many in the host of people who subscribed for them will be able to meet their obligations because they can pay a little at a time — a dollar or two a week, or so much a month. What does this mean? How is it that this can be done? The answer is that the bank stands in the place of the subscriber, and the government gets its imperatively needed money on schedule time — that is, by the end of August the government gets the full amount of these bonds. Many will simply think: "Well, the bank gets the interest on my bond until I get the whole thing paid for. That's no particular service to me or the government." Let us see. The government gets the money in full as planned. It does not and could not wait until you get it paid in. The bank pays it for you. It does so with money on which it would readily get 5 per cent. interest. It does so taking the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest the government pays. To forfeit $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest is not a thing that business men with large responsibilities do without a reason. What is that reason? Surely this is a public service, patriotic in spirit, and the finer because done willingly and without display.

XVII

THE RAMBLER ROSE

Who can put into words what the rambler roses are signalling these July days? They are in full bloom now in New England. Everywhere they are crowding trellises and porch rails; their jocund forms are massed about windows and doorways, and even against house walls where a bird could scarcely cling. They are called ramblers, though they in no way justify the name save by this fondness for adorning every reachable part of the homes they share with humans. Indeed, they are essentially of the home-keeping sort. Yet, to tell the truth outright, they are not staid — not confined as it were to the space of an old-fashioned hoop-skirt, like many a quietly sweet and delightful rose-bush. No, they have a bit of fling in their natures, a dash of joy in the freedom of “going somewhere.” But they are home-lovers none the less — all the more, in fact, since they touch with their life’s gladness and beauty much more of the home to which they belong than proper rose-bushes ever dream of reaching.

We are inclined to believe that this is at least a part of what the rambler roses are silently wigwagging to all watching eyes these vacation days. If this be true, they who are still at home,

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still drudging on in their everyday routine, may well heed the message of their Rambler roses. "Go somewhere," get out of the fixed and confined existence in which you are good and faithful day after day. You can be a home-lover quite as truly if you do so, and you will thereby reach many more sides and points of your home with your life's refreshing and beautifying power. And those who are already out of the routine, rambles for summer days and nights in the country or by the sea or amid the mountains, may catch the message their Rambler roses at home are sending and lay it to heart for their reassurance and fuller gladness. Sea and shore, field and hill are really parts of our homes. It is good for us to reach out and touch them with life's joy, to let the vivacious summer move us to break away betimes from confined duty-doing for the joy of "going somewhere." We shall all gain something of the charm of the Rambler rose thereby — the charm of covering a little more of our dwelling-places with cheerful life each year that we live.

XVIII

THE DRAFT DAY

The sun came up over the Atlantic, bright and glowing, on the eventful day. It had just left war-writhing Europe behind, in night and deeper darkness. Yet how its beams flashed as it caught the dim, long line of America's coast on the morning of the 20th of July! There was no sign of dismay.

By the hour when the awesome scene of the draft began around the great glass bowl in the nation's Capitol, the sun was flooding the whole land with summer splendor, and at the same time it was drawing the myriad life therein into the service of a new day — a day which, like all days, if one has eyes to see, was a vast blend of peace and battle. It was, in fact, holding the great globe of the earth in place for its huge draft, as it had done on unnumbered days past.

But while reaching its mystical might into space and setting the round earth in its place for high service, the sun on the nation's draft day picked out, one by one, every root and blade, every creeping or winging creature, every beast or soul-bearing being — summoning each to serve as it could for the welfare of all.

They were all responding to the sun's call, too, when the blindfolded men reached into the great

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glass bowl filled with little black capsules, and so began the nation's draft day. Ten million names in a bowl, ten million young men awaiting the result of that scene at Washington, are really not so extraordinary a spectacle after all, in this sun-drafted world of ours.

All the day long, while the draft went on, every flowering plant and stalk holding grain or berry was drawing moisture or mineral from the soil; every creature with a mouth was drafting something that could serve to maintain its life; every being with a mind was appropriating to his or her needs countless existences subject to that call. When one stops to think about it, there is something very awing in the vast range of the human draft on every day we live.

Hearts were at work, too, on the day of the draft. Lovers were drawing each to the other. Husbands and wives were relying on one another in times of need. Mothers were cuddling little ones to preserve their own joy; on this particular day some ten millions of them were cherishing sons from twenty to thirty years of age with added tenderness. Fathers, in their world-worn lives, were strangely conscious of paternal thoughts, like the power of gravitation, concerning their sons. And young wives were realizing the mystery of wedded life with youths whose names were in the nation's draft bowl.

Over all, the Father of the whole realm of being was drawing each and all, drafting for His

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own ends earth's myriads. Compared with His might of love and law, even the sun's midsummer glow was feeble, and the nation's call was of passing importance, however imperative now. It was a wonderful day, indeed, yesterday — the day of the draft in America.

XIX

AFTER THE DRAFT DAY

Scene. Outside a municipal court in a suburb of Boston.

Time. The day after the great draft.

The evening before, long lines of young men extended from the court room, down the steps, along the walk under the elm trees. Each man was awaiting his turn to get his draft number. These lines disappeared some time during the night. But many were coming throughout the morning that followed, all looking at little cards as they left.

It was noon now. Beside a great elm, some distance from the entrance to the court room, a young woman was seen. The midsummer sunshine was dazzlingly bright outside the tree's shade in which she stood. She was dressed in white from head to feet. Her arms were bare to their elbows — and they were comely. Her face and form were almost girlish, so young was she. Yet on the grass near the base of the tree — near the white-clad feet of the waiting woman, also — a babe was playing. It, too, was clothed in white. Its mother seemed oblivious to all about her. Now and then her little one cooed aloud in its play.

At length a young man came down the stone

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steps. He was gazing at a small card. His steps were brisk, however. They soon brought him to the side of the figure in white by the elm tree. Before he reached her she had a copy of a newspaper open. At once and for long their heads were close together, searching the long columns of draft numbers in the paper. Was he drafted — was the young husband's number drawn in the great draft?

While the two stood thus, absorbed in their search, the baby, still playing on the grass, in its glee hoisted its wee white hat on the tip of the young wife's parasol!

A police captain, looking on at a respectful distance, softly exclaimed: "How's that for a war-time picture!"

XX

THE DRAFT SEEN IN LARGER LIGHT

The results of the draft now in process, on the common life of us all as well as on the nation's destiny, are countless and life-changing beyond computation. Thinking people may well seek to see such a momentous matter in the fullest light and from every viewpoint.

There is a well-known passage in the Epistle to the Romans which strikingly lends itself to this purpose. It parallels in religion, point by point, the progressive phases of this great national procedure. It reads: "Whom God foreknew, he also foreordained to be conformed to the image of his Son; and whom he foreordained, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." This sentence exactly marks out the august steps by which the nation is now advancing to meet world issues involving the fate of mankind.

When the human crisis became unescapable, the nation foreknew the vast hosts of its young men — foreknew them as absorbed in everyday life, pleasure lovers and seekers after their own welfare in the endless ranges of personal interests, yet back of all this having a latent patriotism which would overwhelm personal

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matters if awakened by an adequate appeal. And these whom it foreknew, the nation foreordained. This was substantially the meaning of the legislation which brought some 10,000,000 young men to the registration of June 5. And these whom it thus foreordained to be conformed to the ideal of national saviors, the nation also called. This was what began to be done in the solemn drawing around the great glass bowl in the Capitol on July 20. This calling is the phase of the stupendous procedure now passing. This is the real significance of all that is to take place before the exemption boards in days now at hand.

After this — what? Those whom it calls, the nation will justify. Taking young men who are unsoldierly enough now, accustomed to comfort and pleasure, easy-going in body, self-willed in mind, and strangers to unifying obedience to authority, unskilled in war's awful arts, it puts its uniform upon them, it gathers them into training camps, it undertakes to harden their bodies, teach their minds, discipline their whole beings — in a word, to make them soldiers. This is what will go on for weeks and months after the calling now in process. Then the nation will justify these young men — will send them forth as soldiers, bearing its approval, honored with its trust.

Then what? Those whom it thus justifies, the nation will glorify. That phase in our progres-

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sive advance is yet in the future for the most part, but not entirely. Signs of it are already seen in the minds of our people. It will come in its fulness ere long. This nation has never failed to glorify the men who have borne the shock of battle in its behalf. It will not fail now. What an outpouring of honor and love will come by and by, when our soldiers and sailors come home from hard-won victories and bravely borne defeats, or — and this shall come to pass — when their names only are sent home to be enshrined in glory undying!

XXI

HOLLYHOCKS

In the year-long ritual that hallows our earth, we are now midway in the processional of the flowers. July is ending. The pure little children of springtime have gone by; the deeper-colored and therefore more human forms of flowerland, which mark early summer, have nearly faded from sight; even the jocund rambler roses have lost their glow and become dim as they go from us. Hollyhocks have now come in the sacred pageant.

What strains are they sounding in the long procession? We may well seek to hear them distinctly — even to catch the poetry of words borne on the swell of music which their coming causes. For the hollyhocks will be in our view until frost comes. And see! Their guise is bell-fashioned, or of trumpet form, if you prefer. Clearly they are proclaimers! They have news to make known, and a call to sound — these tall figures in lines or groups beside many a dwelling, to be seen along nearly all home streets.

Amid all alarms, and the tramping of myriad feet war-bound, and the roar of the daily news, and the thumping of hearts, anxious or charged with the resolute spirit of victors, the hollyhocks are quietly sounding their proclamation for all

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who will hear it. There is healing in it for weariness and soreness of soul; very heartening is it amid all disturbance of peace-time reliances; and, withal, it calls to dutiful fidelity buttressed by mindfulness of a good-doing that will not fail nor be discouraged, no matter how the world of men goes wrong.

For the hollyhocks are proclaiming the consummation once more of nature's wonder-work. They are sounding out the triumph of the Creator's ageless goodness and each man's brief power to profit thereby. Such harvests, such yields of grain and vegetable and fruit, are now coming to their fulness that winter and even world war will not be able to grip us and our neighbors overseas in hunger. That is news worthy of bells and trumpets, surely!

And the hollyhocks are calling us to high-hearted living. There is no doubt of this. Can there be any other meaning in the many colors in which their bells are swung, their trumpets raised? They are all bright. Red is for deep joy, no doubt—and there are ever so many reds—pink must be for patient cheer, purple for royal courage, golden for good hope, white for rightness of heart and straightforward life. To be sure, the hollyhocks can only symbolize all this for us, as they now come thronging in this processional of the year's ritual. But, even so, they bring to mind the surest verities we know—verities which become clouded and very dim

HOLLYHOCKS

often in days like these. We may well take time, therefore, to have a look at the hollyhocks and listen to their bells, or trumpets if you so fancy them; for by these things men and women live.

XXII

THE FIRST HOME-COMING

The first officers' training camps have ended. Mid-August has come. A new host of young men will throng the places vacated by the soldierly fellows now being welcomed home for a few days before they go on to the service for which they have been prepared. Scenes of home-coming are now being enacted over the entire country, as these men come gayly back to the surroundings of their youth — from Plattsburg, from Fort Snelling in Minnesota, from Fort McPherson in Georgia, and many another training camp. There will be other scenes to record by and by — doubtless very different; but now it is well to chronicle those of the present, and mark their meaning. Let a scene observed in Boston yesterday be taken as typical.

"There he is," cries a lad in his mid-teens, who, to pass the time of waiting, has been bounding a ball at the foot of a homelike street running down a hillside to the suburb's main thoroughfare. He races after the big street car until it comes to the stopping place. Among those who alight — yes, there he is!

He went away, a little while ago, a youth nearing twenty-one, handsome as ever a boy was. But see him now as he steps from the car. How

THE FIRST HOME-COMING

square his shoulders are in his khaki uniform, how full his chest is, how lithe his legs! And look at the straight, bronzed neck of the boy! How that bell-crowned cap becomes his erect head, with the visor close over his eyes! He is a lieutenant now, if you will believe it.

Briskly but modestly he grips the hands of those fortunate enough to be near to greet him. The neighborhood marketman comes running down the street in his big white apron; the Italian fruit-store man comes close after him; a youth who has just been certified by the local exemption board outruns them, and a pretty young woman in dainty summer garb leaves the sidewalk to join the gathering in the street. All, even the Italian, call him lieutenant — this boy of the yesteryears — and their faces shine with pride. The ball-bounding younger brother has manfully swung the heavy suitcase from the soldier's grip. "Let him go on," cries one of the welcomers, "there's some one waiting for him up home." Quietly smiling, the young man strides up the side street. Instinctively all but the brother refrain from following him.

Soon, under the trees, a little woman in white springs into view at the top of the street's ascent. At first her feet skip like a girl's. But soon how quiet she is! Has she not stilled her heart for him all these weeks? She will not fail to keep dignity for his sake now. Wise mothers understand how man-grown sons hate palaver. But

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presently the little figure in white and the stalwart form in khaki come together — the mother's hand can be seen patting the broad back. The rest of her is hidden by khaki!

"Dat make me cry!" murmured the Italian as he wiped his glasses in the group at the foot of the street. Just then a snowy-haired old man came into view up the walk under the trees, and stood awaiting the mother and son as they slowly climbed the hill arm in arm.

XXIII

A SENTENCE THAT WILL LIVE

There is a single sentence in the President's note in reply to the Pope's peace proposals, as August ends, which deserves especial reading. It should be studied word by word by all who are trying to comprehend what is going on in this war. It should be underscored in all war-time scrapbooks. It should even be committed to memory by all who would stay their souls in strength for facing hard duties due to the war. Singularly free from bluster, it is yet charged with thunderous truths and terrific flashes of passion. We give it special setting to help fix attention upon it.

The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry the plan out without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-established practices and long-cherished principles of international action and honor; which chose its own time for the war; delivered its blow fiercely and suddenly; stopped at no barrier, either of law or of mercy; swept a whole continent

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within the tide of blood — not the blood of soldiers only, but the blood of innocent women and children also, and of the helpless poor — and now stands balked but not defeated, the enemy of four-fifths of the world.

This is probably the most majestic indictment yet penned concerning the world war. Try underscoring its massed words and phrases to discover how freighted with solid facts and fused with fire they are — from the opening array of "the free peoples of the world" as the victims to be delivered, on through the grim vivisection of the victimizer and Germany's procedure as such, up to that impaling of her as now standing "balked but not defeated, the enemy of four-fifths of the world." This sentence, we venture to think, will be conned and quoted by generations to come; for the days through which we are living will draw the enlightened eyes of the future to the end of humanity's struggles.

XXIV

“ CARRY ON ”

In many branches of military service a rather quaint form of expression has come into use which may well be passed on to civilians in these September days when so many young men are leaving home to serve the nation. When an officer appears, wherever it may be, on land or sea, every man stands at attention. Thereupon, the officer wishing to release the men from prolonging this token of respect unduly, often simply says, “ Carry on.” Most of the uniformed men on Boston streets with whom we recently made the test of inquiry recognized the expression and explained it rather genially to the same effect. “ It means,” said they, “ Go on with what you were doing ”— writing a letter home, perhaps, or to “ the girl I left behind me,” playing a friendly game, enjoying a book or magazine, eating a meal, doing some commonplace bit of work. “ Carry on ” is the “ as you were ” of ordinary life among military men.

This seems to us precisely the word that should be spoken to everybody here at home just now. As cherished young men are going to training camps and war service, the hearts of many are moved to stand at attention, as it were. This is fitting. It is natural and for the good of the

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men going forth as the nation's defenders as well as for the good of our people generally that manifestations of honor and affection be made in homes and communities. But when that has been done — what then?

The men who have donned the nation's various uniforms and gone to their places of hardship and danger would surely make a common answer to that question. They would say to their friends at home, "Carry on." They want the life at home to go on as it was when they were with us. It will cheer and nerve them with strength to know that daily duties are being performed unfalteringly, home comforts maintained in full without depression, pleasures continued much the same as before they left us. As autumn and winter bring the time when the life of home and school, church and community usually takes on fuller activity and interest, our soldiers and sailors will wish to know that it is so now, though they are far away.

Of course they would not have us forget them. Most certainly we must and shall do many things all these days to provide for their welfare and mightily support their huge undertaking. We at home are at war as truly as our men who have gone to the fighting. But amidst all our war-time activities, we must not fail to maintain the endeared life at home which is such an empowering memory and upholding in the hearts of our fighting men. Away with down-hearted-

“ CARRY ON ”

ness. Have done with weakened interest and activity. Keep the home bright and cheerful, the school full of spirit, the church alive with hearty workers, social pleasures engaging and plentiful; and push business man-fashion, spurning the folly of gloom. Let letters to the men gone to war bear abundant proof of all this.

“ Carry on ”— not in the sense of giving way to loneliness and sorrow and anxious depression. Put the military meaning into that phrase. “ Carry on,” here at home, even as the men in war service have learned to lift those words to fuller meaning. For one of them, Robert W. Service, has written —

Carry on! Carry on!

Fight the good fight and true;
Believe in your mission, greet dawn with a cheer;
There's big work to do and that's why you are here.

Carry on! Carry on!

Let the world be the better for you;
And at last, when you die; let this be your cry:

“ Carry on, my soul! Carry on! ”

XXV

THE MEN BEHIND THE MARCHERS

“A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.”—*Shakespeare*.

The outworking of the vast process under the selective draft grows in impressiveness. A few days ago, small percentages out of the ten million registrants started for the training camps of “the national army”; now a 40 per cent. quota goes to join them, as September’s ruddy splendors glorify the land. Soon the great camps will be thoroughly established in all details and filled with young men fit from head to foot — the flower of the nation’s masculine life.

This is a good time to speak of the men behind the host thus moving forward throughout the land — the citizens whose long and exacting labors have brought such an achievement to orderly consummation. The national government laid a heavy load of work and responsibility on the men called to serve on the local exemption boards and the district appeal boards; it also committed to them a trying and solemn trust. They were called upon, in the heat of midsummer, to turn from their private affairs and immure themselves for weeks in rooms wherein they were to handle voluminous papers and long lines of young men. After examina-

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tion, man by man, they were to pass judgment on each — a judgment involving the breaking up of home life, fraught with hardship for all, and the issue of life or death for many. The homes and hearts of neighbors and friends were often drawn upon for the young men chosen. Who would wish to sit in judgment in such a proceeding? Weeks ago we heard one of these men say privately: "I would rather enlist and go to the front myself than go through what we have to do."

But from coast to coast these men have given themselves to their task. They have let their own business and professional affairs and even domestic life take second place, have studied their instructions and followed them, have steeled their hearts against many an appealing consideration, have sought for principles of action fair to all, and they have not swerved from meeting the obvious necessity of providing a host of men fit to be the nation's saviors and the world's. And now? Now their long devotion to duty is bringing forth its vast yield in the masses of young men moving in due order and at the appointed hour to the training camps.

It is an impressive sight, these thronging youth going forth at the nation's call to train their bodies and minds in the grim arts of war because their homeland and the world now need their virile help. Theirs, of course, is the most moving self-giving. But as they go, thoughtful

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minds will reflect that such a spectacle has not come to pass offhand. The silent older citizens who have fulfilled their trust by giving themselves to the huge task of choosing this splendid array are to be thought of now with gratitude and praise. The men behind the marchers are the national army's first victors.

XXVI

THE BLESSING OF BOOKS

Among the various great phases of provision for war-time needs which are receiving special attention, a nation-wide movement is under way as September ends to provide a library of good books for every training camp in the country. This is far from being of secondary importance among the other projects. When one considers the American type of manhood, its effectiveness is seen to be great.

Through the weeks and months of camp life to come, many a man will be saved from the disabling clutch of weariness, illness, loneliness or hope deferred, because well-chosen books are to be at hand in the autumn and winter hours of leisure. Monotony will be charmed away, drudgery forgot, irritations soothed, temptations dwarfed, anxieties touched with cheer, privations transformed to patriotic sacraments of fellowship. For to many a man of parts books will prove messengers from the world of goodness and beauty and full-hearted living — the world which at times becomes dim and seemingly far away to young men herded in barracks. The reading of a vital book is much the same in the human realm as food is in the physical or prayer in the spiritual. Books make real the life of

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humanity's joys and sorrows, treasures and sanctities; they bring nourishment and fresh vigor. Their worth is not simply to aid in whiling away ill-conditioned leisure entertainingly, valuable as that is. They restore awareness of the things by which men live. They re-open fellowship with the wise and witty, the good and lovely, the happy and gladdening, the brave and strong in this glowing world.

Many authoritative voices might be allowed to speak here in confirmation of the life-giving power of books. But we choose to let a single voice, and that a lowly one, speak for them all to quicken the public sense of the blessing of books to our men in the training camps. It was Emily Dickinson, a true daughter of the old-time American democracy, who wrote the words which seem to us perhaps the choicest we know to be sounded just now. Here they are:

" He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. — What liberty
A loosened spirit brings! "

XXVII

“THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT ”

A certain well-known hotel has hit upon a way of meeting a situation characteristic of these times which is too good to escape publicity. Many of its employés have gone to war. Its service is impaired, as October brings fuller business. The guests are unavoidably inconvenienced, the care of their wants being delayed or rendered inefficient by “green” workers. But there is evidently a man of parts in the management. For by every guest room bureau, and elsewhere throughout the large establishment, choicely printed cards have promptly appeared, whereon are the words,

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

— *Milton.*

That is all. But this simple appeal has not failed. It reaches the common sense and good will of people. It touches the fellow-feeling of sojourners, weary and hurried, apt to be impatient and exacting though they often are. It seems to say to them, “Won’t you help us in our emergency? When things go amiss, by just waiting a bit you yourself will serve — will lend us a hand.” Little did the stately poet dream,

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we fancy, that the line with which he crowned the noble sonnet on his blindness would ever let him serve ordinary men in this commonplace fashion! What a light would have shone in Milton's sightless eyes if he could have known that this would come to pass, centuries after his blindness has ended, and in a mighty nation overseas now leagued with his beloved England in a war for the cause of liberty which he so grandly served!

This is a "word spoken in due season," indeed. Nowadays all of us would do well to fix that jewelled line in mind and make it a watchword. The demands of everyday life are exacting enough at best to warrant doing so. But now, amid the disordering of customary arrangements everywhere which the war has brought, the call for such considerateness is of extraordinary importance. In every store, in offices, in industrial plants, as well as in homes and schools and churches, the service is likely to be more or less handicapped somehow because of the war. Often it will be because somebody has gone from his usual work to serve the country — your country, the land whose welfare is the safeguard of all that you hold dear. Almost everybody in business and the whole social order is working under such disadvantages now.

To recognize this fact, to take yourself in hand and gain the grace of patience and the poise of cheerful forbearance is a patriotic thing

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to do. It will prevent many a vexation unworthy of one willing to do his bit in war-time. It will do much toward easing the burden imposed in this particular way on most of us. It will avoid much undeserved and unfair criticism, ungenerous words and actions, hurtful treatment of some fellow mortal who may be doing his or her best. While others have gone to fight for your country, imperilling life and limb, you also can serve the great common cause by just showing enough patience to keep good-natured — and wait a little when things go wrong or don't go as promptly as they might. Indeed, in personal as well as great public matters, we Americans must “learn to labor and to wait.”

XXVIII

TIRE PUNCTURES AHEAD

A business man just returned from Germany says the Kaiser's automobile is about the only one over there still running on inflated tires. Even the Crown Prince has to bump along on tires stuffed with rags or wrapped with rope. The war, it seems, has stripped Germany of tires and what tires stand for.

Many here in America are still riding on quite at their ease in regard to the war, even in late October, as it were on well-inflated tires. They won't realize that their tires, though they still "hold up," are worn threadbare. They won't heed the roughness of the road to which we have all now come after a long stretch of fairly smooth riding. No; they just "give her more gas," push on in their own private concerns, and refuse to bother about taking care to keep their tires in good condition. They are due for punctures before long which will bring them to their senses. Flat tires make exceedingly hard going.

The first puncture to guard against is in thinking "the war is going to end soon, Germany is cracking, and I needn't bother with helping to pile up a huge war fund like this second Liberty Loan." The only thing on earth that can make the present crack in Germany's

TIRE PUNCTURES AHEAD

strength become a break, and so end the war soon, is that America should go in with all her might — and do it now. If Germany hears in a few days that we have added three billions to our fighting funds and then some — that “crack” will open a bit. It will close up and she will fight on the more doggedly if she hears that we Americans have failed to do this. There will be a bad puncture for your comfortable tires in that!

A second puncture will likely follow this one any time. Failure in this October Liberty Loan campaign would not only hearten Germany, but it would also dishearten our war-wasted allies. This would probably open the way to ending the war without shackling Germany. What then? Everybody would be apprehensive, business of all kinds would take to cover, and for an indefinite period you would — let us put all in one word — you would have to run with one more flat tire.

Another slashing puncture would be certain to follow. With Germany left unconquered, we should have to defend our homeland against her. The ablest judges of affairs say so. We should have to do it on this side of the sea, too, and do it alone. “If we don’t ‘come across’ now, the Germans will come across later.” That sentence puts a whole mine of iron into a tonic capsule. To go on saying, “This isn’t our fight” is sheer self-delusion. It will be our fight,

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here at home and alone, if we don't make it our fight yonder overseas and now.

A fourth puncture to your easy-going tires is hidden in questioning: "Why should such an immense additional sum of money be called for?" Hundreds of thousands of our young men are now entering the rigors of training camps — silently moving through perils to the other side of the Atlantic — bravely undergoing the grim final preparation at the booming battle fronts. Soon we shall begin to receive the reports of casualties, woundings and sufferings, heroisms — deaths. What a ripping gash of a puncture your ease and comfortable unconcern will get if you then realize that by your neglect of duty now you have failed to provide in time everything that money can secure for their welfare and upholding — these valiant young Americans and their comrades-in-arms, who are standing "between our loved homes and the war's desolation," yonder in the smoke and thunder!

Four punctures, four flat tires, and a long, rough road! Why take the risk of such a plight? You can provide against it by doing your duty now. Buy a bond. Look out for your tires.

XXIX

ROOSEVELT'S SINGLE EYE

Colonel Roosevelt has so often proved representative of things American that any new disclosure concerning him may fairly be taken as prophetic. It has recently been made public that he now sees with but one eye. It is a striking fact, when one stops to think of it, that such a thing should become known at such a time as this concerning such a man. It lends itself to use as an omen as November darkens on our war-making land.

The Greeks, it will be remembered, had a conception of certain giants whom they designated by the name Cyclops. Their single eye seemed to symbolize concentration of strength. Jesus, with his far different conception of masterful being, expressed his thought in much the same manner. He made the single eye the condition of victory as he conceived it. He meant, of course, that whether there were two eyes or one the seeing must be as though there were but one. There must be no double vision. The eye that offended against this high imperative must be plucked out. "It is good for thee to enter into life with one eye," he declared, rather than to go to destruction with two eyes.

That Colonel Roosevelt now sees with one

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eye only is, in fact, an outward misfortune which may serve him well by betokening his inward singleness of vision in these days of war. It will do his countrymen great good to reflect how he has subordinated political hostilities and personal considerations. He has stood by the government, has pleaded mightily for its belated undertakings for war, has sent his sons to the fighting though he was balked in his herculean zeal to go himself as the crowning of his career. He has seen nothing with double vision. It might well come to pass that his highest distinction should be the appellation, "The man with the single eye." This would go well with "Old Hickory" and "Stonewall" and "The Rail-Splitter."

The time has come for proclaiming the gospel of the single eye. All personal matters, all current questions on which we might reasonably divide in other times, must now be looked at by everybody with no blurring because of double vision. To win victory in this war, and to do it as thoroughly and as quickly as we and our allies can do it — to see all vexations, hardships, toils, anxieties, losses, sorrows, with the glow of this hallowing purpose shining through them — this is the call sounded in the gospel of the single eye.

XXX

" WHERE THERE IS NO VISION "

Once more, as often before, war's terrors are calling out utterances which will live to greaten the life of the people. To make only a single comparison, what utterance looms highest out of the time of the Civil War? Doubtless it is the words closing Lincoln's Gettysburg speech — " That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Out of the present war-time we venture to name for highest place the President's declaration that we must " make the world safe for democracy." It is striking indeed that this is actually the same in its three elements as Lincoln's great utterance. Democracy — what is that but government of the people, by the people, for the people? Make safe — that is the same as " shall not perish." Lincoln's " the earth " is the same as Wilson's " the world."

But let us not deceive ourselves. War has its imperative place in making the world safe, no doubt. But it can only do a part of the work of making the world safe — for democracy above all. Bunker Hill and the war that followed only opened the way for a long process here to that end. Look at Russia now to see that conditions can be made safe for democracy only when

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democracy itself is made sound, and therefore safe.

One profound issue is now looming awesomely. Autocracy has itself and its resources in hand. Therefore until now it has so marshalled the central powers as to defy the rest of the world, and after three and a half years it stands "balked but not defeated." What of democracy? Even in the face of such diabolism, beholding such iron-heeled trampling of human treasures and sanctities, aroused to awareness of the utter imperilling of all it holds precious, democracy is hydra-headed, obstreperous, clamorous about divisive views and interests — bartering its birthright for some mess of pottage or other.

Witness Russia's socialistic lurch, face to face with the vulture-like Teutonic talons ready to clutch out her vitals. Witness the muddled mouthings in England now when her prime minister ventures to establish a unifying headship for the far-reaching western front, including Italy, sorely smitten because aloof. Witness the disabling strikes which American labor perpetrates or tolerates, the manipulation of supplies and prices which American business interests devise, the higgledy-piggledy of conflicting folk at Washington in the midst of which able and outright men are obliged to work out our herculean war measures. Nero fiddling while Rome burned is outclassed by such stupendous folly.

“ WHERE THERE IS NO VISION ”

A supreme sentence indeed was that with which Senator Lodge ended his noble address at Princeton the other day — “ As a poet of another race has said, ‘ Where there is no vision the people perish.’ ” No message could be more timely and vital to our welfare just now than these words in their full meaning. The senator used them, rightly enough, to crown his plea for the humanities, for the studies interpretative of the higher experiences of the human spirit, as against the prevailing over-emphasis on the practical sciences. But this quotation is from the Hebrew Bible, and in old Israel vision meant seeing the moral, the spiritual, the divine — the highest experiences humanity knows — “the things by which men live.” We now greatly need such a message.

“ Where there is no vision the people perish,” the people whose welfare is the very essence of democracy. The old words of “ a poet of another race ” are everlastingly true; and vision must mean for us now what it meant when an ancient Hebrew uttered that mighty line. The people will not perish if only there is such vision that the people see the necessity of things moral, spiritual, divine. Now and henceforth all forces that make for the development of such vision must array themselves for unyielding advance, if we are to make the world safe for democracy.

XXXI

“SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE”

The dim range of that phrase is narrowing comfortingly now for many a home and heart, as November passes. “Where do you suppose he is?” was the question above all others a little time ago; and the map of France as a whole was wistfully scanned. But letters have been coming since then. These letters, to be sure, have borne not a few signs of the censor’s watchfulness besides his official scrawl, and they have been headed “Somewhere in France” or perhaps just “France.” None the less a story worth telling has been spun and woven about those letters, and the story is of the narrowing of this dim range, the close scanning of a particular portion of the map of France.

For in “his” letters, amid a lot of details quite ordinary and such as any censor would pass, have been certain casually interposed remarks — remarks that somehow struck the keen-hearted readers at home. And such is love’s magic, these remarks were discovered to be cumulative.

Thereupon how eagerly they were watched and studied as one letter followed another! And, lo, it came to pass that an account of the favor our boys have won with “the shop-

“SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE”

keepers in our village because they are better paid and spend more freely than other soldiers of the allies,” ends with the remark that “it is chow time now, for there goes the express to N ——”; next a description of “the peasant women in our village with their wooden shoes and black shawls,” naturally enough leads to mention of the “unending rain and mud,” manfully disposed of by the added words, “But we are used to this now, and everything is O. K. with us, though the mud of the M —— valley is sure some mud.” What censor can remember all the letters he reads and put two and two together? But the hearts at home can do it; and “Somewhere in France” is now narrowed to a region having a railroad to some town whose name begins with N and running through a river’s valley whose name begins with M! It is a pretty puzzle, this seaching of the map of France for all the names beginning with N and M, there are so many of them!

By and by a letter comes which closes talk about unforbidden things “over there” with this home-turning digression: “I got a bit hungry for the old pantry last night. Say, mother, what was the name, anyhow, of that jelly we used to mix with cream cheese and spread on crackers at bedtime?” What censor could know how a mother’s heart would leap at sight of that! What censor would really care how closely her eyes would now scan the sections

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of the map of France circumscribed by N's and M's — or how, through tear-bright eyes there soon shines a joy sweeter than that of any shepherd calling, "I have found my sheep which was lost!"

At any rate, there in the narrowed section of the map of France, plainly printed in tiny letters, is the name of that jelly of the dear old days. And the word goes quickly to "his" sweetheart — perchance his brave bride — that the "express for N ——" was on the road to Nancy, and the "mud of the M —— valley" was along the Meuse river, and "our village" is — but why print its name here, after all? If you know the name of that jelly folks mix with cream cheese and spread on crackers in American homes you can find it for yourself on the map of France — hard by Verdun, the terrible but glorious. That is where "he" is. That is the spot into which the dimly vague range of "Somewhere in France" has been gathered up. That is now the prayer-shrine of the hearts at home.

XXXII

THANKFULNESS AS A FINE ART

The rough stone must be chiselled away that the sculptor's vision of statue or urn may stand forth. The devitalizing must be excluded that the author may make the printed page alive. The incongruous must be at least subordinated if not eliminated that the picture may impart the landscape's charm. To see, select and bring out that which shall dominate is the essence of all the fine arts. This is the secret of all high things in common life — courage, purity, cheerfulness, tranquillity, success in business or home-making, and the like. And in times like these thankfulness can be achieved only by this method of the fine arts. Are there details in the present outlook of us all which can be assembled into a masterpiece of thanksgiving on this grim Thanksgiving Day?

Gertrude Atherton has well said that there is only one thing more abominable than war, and that is the doctrine of non-resistance when duty and honor call. War has been best described by a word of four letters. But, as Dean Fenn of Harvard once said, men may be thankful for "that comforting doctrine of hell," because it is good to know that there is a point in the moral order beyond which iniquity cannot go.

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So of war. What if the powers of the world were now supine before the present outbreak of autocratic villainy? When we reflect on what Germany has done to accomplish what she set herself to do, we may be thankful and, as the *Outlook* has declared, rejoice that we are at war against her. Horrible as war is, it would be more horrible if there were no "full measure of devotion" arrayed against such frightfulness.

And the disclosures of this arrayed devotion are such as to brighten the awful picture — deepening its lights, enriching its shadows, moving the seeing mind to profound gratitude in spite of all distress. The heroic response young men are making to the call to the colors; the tender bravery of mothers, wives, sweet-hearts; the devotement of their time and powers which so many business men are making to man the points of national need; the measureless outpouring of money; the countless bands of women, forgetting their own comfort to provide for the comfort of our fighting men; the huge beneficent agencies organized, equipped and gloriously at work; the transforming spiritual awakening which has laid its spell on all sorts of people; the large place our country has taken in the hope and the grateful honor of "four-fifths of the world" — these are the high lights in the thanksgiving masterpiece which they may produce who have learned the secret of making thankfulness a fine art.

XXXIII

JERUSALEM IN WAR LIGHT

“Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities.”—*Isaiah.*

The glare of war is now bringing Jerusalem and its environs into view out of the dimness of vanished centuries. It is a far-off and minor tumult that British guns are making amid those slumbrous hills, with the war's central roar in our ears. But we may well watch for the phantomlike yet real spectacle soon to emerge there. For that region, beyond any other on earth, is charged with certain sanctities conjured into unwonted vividness by this war's magic terrors.

It is Advent now in all Christendom. Soon Christmas will come — the most terrific Yuletide the world has ever attempted to charm with the song and story of the Christ child. Does heart fail you in making ready for Christmas cheer and the gladness of gift-making and all the sweetening of common life? The spell of the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, of the sudden Gloria sounding in the brightened dark, of the manger and the mother and the Babe, of the Wise Men with rich gifts from far — does it all seem an empty dream? There, only six miles southward over the hills round about Jerusalem, is Bethlehem. It will show out in

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the war's flare presently, no doubt, as a reality. Its outstanding limestone hillcrest fixes the spot where Jesus was born. By all that Christianity has done for our ever-troubled world, by all it is doing now and all it could do if men would only let it, Christian folk have reason to rejoice. And not less, but all the more, now when the world's plight is so pitiful, its need of leadership in a better way of life so obvious and overwhelming! Advent and Christmas should be hope's undespairing sacrament this year.

There, beside Jerusalem, companioning its hoary east wall across a little valley, is Mount Olivet. It has appeared in the dispatches already. The Bethany home was on its slope — the home the Christ Child loved in manhood, the home where he often found gladness and rest in the love it gave him. How the Bethany home has been manifolded in our land and time! Shall not love's brightness be maintained in your home this year? Would not your boy now in camp or ship or at the battlefront have it so — and smile at his grim task when he thinks of it? Keep the home lights burning this season, of all years. Advent and Christmas should be love's brave sacrament this year.

From the Bethany home the young man Jesus went to his suffering for a great cause. There, close by Jerusalem's north wall, is Calvary. As even Renan wrote of it: "There cannot be a difference of more than a few feet, when all is

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considered." Calvary is there — hard by the city wall. And surely Calvary, above any other historic site we know, stands for what has been carried over out of the past and reproduced in our time. Dutiful men are now climbing Calvary by throngs! What hallowing charm can be thrown around young men, grown from childhood to manhood and now gone from our homes to war's high sacrifice, that will yield anything like the solace and heartening upholding to be found in thinking of them as comrades of Jesus on Calvary — as saviors who "follow in his train"? Advent and Christmas should be faith's hallowing sacrament this year.

And as war's glare brings Jerusalem with these and other sanctities of memory into view, the British base is at Joppa by the sea, some thirty miles off. Charles Dudley Warner there wrote that of all places on earth save one, Joppa is the most worthy of pilgrimage by all lovers of liberty. For there a follower of him whose birth and loving life and heroic death centered about Jerusalem, uttered the words: "I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." Joppa, indeed, is the base of the democracy for which this world war is calling forth our "full measure of devotion."

XXXIV

THE WOMEN AT HOME

Thoroughly womanly is the Christmas message to be sent to the American soldiers in France from the women of America, with the President's approval. It reads: "The women of America are with you in spirit and in service. You are our standard-bearers and our hope. We love you, we believe in you and pray for you this Christmas season." The wording could not be bettered. It is laden with the characteristic contributions to masculine heroism which womanhood has made since our human world began.

The beneficent effectiveness of women probably never showed to greater advantage than in their present war work. A story has come across the ocean which bears telling testimony to the effect of their almost boundless practical achievements. A body of American soldiers were watching French troops start for the trenches. It was cold, and the Frenchmen were without sweaters. A quick transfer of the sweaters worn by the Americans was soon under way, our men merrily helping their French comrades in getting into the warm garments. "But what will you yourselves do without them?" asked the grateful Frenchmen. "Oh,

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our women at home will soon take care of that!" was the hearty answer.

But it has ever been woman's way to add to her material ministries benefits that reach men's hearts and souls. The Christmas message to which we have referred is in keeping with this life-compassing grace of womankind. There is another unique instance just now of this womanly instinct which deserves public recognition. Red Cross women workers in and about Boston are now placing thousands of small cards in sweater pockets, folding them in other knitted articles and in the little khaki kits filled with useful supplies. These cards have been going to training camps. By authorization of government officials, they will now be sent to France. On each card are these words:

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"I will be true, for there are those who trust me;
I will be pure, for there are those who care;
I will be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I will be brave, for there is much to dare;
I will be friend to all the poor and friendless;
I will be giving and forget the gift;
I will be humble, for I know my weakness;
I will look up, and laugh, and love, and lift."

XXXV

THE PAIR ON THE MALL

Tremont Street along the Common has been for years one of Boston's places of parade for youths and maids of divers sorts of sightliness. Hitherto the sidewalk adjoining this thoroughfare's stores and theatres has maintained a clear triumph in this respect over its neighbor, the mall along the Common. But at last the mall has scored victory. No pair ever drew the gaze of all on the other side of the street like the one to be seen on the mall any day or night this Christmas week.

They first appeared, this young man and his attractive companion, at the Boylston Street end of the broad footway. Hand in hand they were; and they moved very slowly for such wintry weather. But they seemed to find comfort and content in each other, no matter how the icy wind swirled about them or the snow mantled their forms. They were of great stature, the young woman's head reaching above the shoulder of her giant lover — for a lover the man obviously was. Opposite the *Herald* building they passed — on toward Park Street Church. Their faces were alight with mutual confidence touched with satisfaction, though all who looked upon them must have seen the

THE PAIR ON THE MALL

shadow of something that was putting their souls to a mighty test. In their handclasp each seemed to find a joy totally unabashed as they faced the passing crowds.

"What!" we hear readers who may not have seen them ask, "Are they a betrothed couple on their way to marriage in Park Street Church?" We venture only to reply that there is doubtless a union of heart between this pair as sacred and deep as any marriage ever was.

The man is clad in khaki. His left arm — its hand is missing — is freshly bound and swung in white bandages. His head is completely swathed, the bandaging being skilfully done to leave mouth and nose and eyes unobstructed save by the shadow of pain; and gratitude penetrates, almost dispels that beclouding.

She is woman-grown, though young. Her form is full of womanly comeliness. Her face, too, is overcast as by shadow. But this is evidently the result of sympathy rather than her own bodily suffering — sympathy resolute, rescuing, heroic. The way she holds the hand of the wounded man leaves no doubt as to that.

Along their way up the mall banners are set. On these banners are inscribed ascending numbers up to 370,000 by Park Street Church. Over the numbers are the words: "Come Help Us — Join Now." The soldier and his companion evidently mean to traverse the full

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length of that line of wind-tossed banners, let the winter weather howl as it will. And the woman's free hand is extended, as if appealing for help in her care of the soldier. Her face is wistful — yearning, as she gazes up the long mall! On her arm and headpiece, often sifted over with snow — just as it must often be "over there" — glows the sacred symbol of a Red Cross nurse.

Only dumb figures? But they visualize the most appealing realities! Join the Red Cross — help the pair on the mall along their way to Park Street Church.

XXXVI

LONDON BRIDGE

She was a social settlement worker, leading a group of children in a squalid quarter of a city as the war-time Christmastide came on. The children were of various races and religions. They were playing "London Bridge."

An archway of arms was made, just as we all used to make the like in our childhood; and to the accompaniment of voices singing

"London Bridge is falling down —
Falling down — falling down,"

one after another was moving forward to be caught by two pairs of arms brought down around this child and that. The whispered choice given to each willing captive — who does not remember it?

But something was going wrong. The young social worker, keen for the happiness of all her charge, noticed a strange miscarriage in the game. The alignment on one side was growing much faster than the other. Nearly all the children were making the same choice.

This was ominous, as every worker with children knows. "What can the choice that is winning so many be?" she queried. For each of the two small leaders in the game, of course,

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had made up her own lure of words to win to her side the "choosers." It would never do for the trusted friend of all to risk the chance of seeming to do better by one side than the other — not in working with children. It doesn't do with their elders either, so far as we have observed the matter.

By and by the young woman herself, eager to fathom this very practical mystery, moved forward — passed under the archway of arms.

Down came London Bridge around her. She stood with the two pairs of child-arms shutting her in. There was the thrill and flurry of rapture in the whole company which is usual at such times in children's games. Then came the whispering of the choices. This is what she heard first:

"Will you choose the world with all the fine stores and houses in it?"

This seemed alluring indeed. "That must be the winning one!" she said to herself; "no wonder nearly all the children are lining up on one side with such an offer, poor little things!"

"That's what is winning a lot of grown-ups nowadays!" we interposed, as the story was being told.

"But wait — listen!" came the answer. There was a hush in the voice and a look of wonder in the eyes, betokening a sense of something for the soul — more beautiful than even the winsome cunning of childhood ways.

LONDON BRIDGE

Holding her peace, she turned between the enclosing arms, as it was only fair that she should do, to hear the other overture. This is what was now whispered:

“ Will you choose the Catholic Church with the whole of heaven and our Father God? ”

The quaint wording, its simplicity and scope, impressed the listener quite as much as the unexpected ground of appeal. To make sure of what was said she asked that it be repeated.

“ Will you choose the Catholic Church with the whole of heaven and our Father God? ” was whispered once more. And the child whose earnest face was at the teacher's ear was only about nine years old!

Thinking that she would set a good example for the many children who had most likely chosen “ the world with all the fine stores and houses in it,” and withal wishing to even up the game for the sake of the losing girl, she made this second proffer her choice, though she herself was a Protestant minister's daughter.

Imagine her surprise when she was gleefully bidden to join the long line where most of the “ choosers ” stood.

“ Hurrah for that little Irish girl! ” we cried.

“ Irish? ” The rising inflection arched the story-teller's brows.

“ Oh! ” we stammered. “ Wasn't she Irish? ”

“ I wondered about that myself — her eyes were so softly dark.”

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"Irish or what not, honor to her for bethinking herself of an appeal so great and hitting upon a wording of it so simple yet complete, direct yet captivating."

"Perhaps she was recalling something that had been taught her."

"All the more, in that case, honor to her for standing forth among her mates and bravely trusting it to win — whispering it to all while she heard her rival presenting 'the world with all the fine stores and houses in it.' "

"Yes; and what the others did, so — unflinchingly? — so unanimously any way, struck me as fine."

"Catholics, of course? "

"Most of them, I think."

"All right, hurrah for them, too, for being proof against the world's beguilements, at least enough to respond to such a call by choosing their church on earth with what it offers above the earth, against the world and all that is therein! Come to think of it, as those little urchins saw things the choice they faced was ever so much like what was set before One who was long ago led up into 'an exceeding high mountain.' And according to their lights they sided with Him."

"They make a pretty picture for all of us who usually let the world win us — don't they? Life for us all is ever so much like their game of London Bridge, isn't it? "

LONDON BRIDGE

“ Let’s see — through an archway of arms, of human relationships and associations, we pass to a choice — and the choices offered us are actually the same as those in their game. But nearly all of us nowadays are lined up on the world’s side by the choice we make ours — the likeness breaks down, you see.”

“ Are you sure of that? ” Thus the young-hearted social worker gently challenged our pessimism.

“ Why — yes — everybody says so. But what makes you ask? ”

“ Those children! ”

“ Tell me all your thoughts.”

“ I’m wondering whether the picture they made isn’t more than pretty, more than beautiful — whether it isn’t true to life, really a little glimpse of things as they actually are in the world.”

“ Go on,” said we, smiling encouragement.

“ Well, for instance, Christmas is almost here. It certainly seems as if its ‘ peace on earth, good will among men ’ can hardly mean much to anybody in the roar war is making these days. But those children have set me thinking how many the world over will listen even now for the sweet old song of peace and good will, and hear it, and respond to it deep in their hearts, more earnestly now than ever — choosing better than we think, just as those children were doing when I thought they weren’t. It makes me

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keep saying over those words about 'a great multitude no man can number,' how they 'came up out of the great tribulation,' and the rest of it. So they must be here somewhere now, you see! I like to think of the thousands of kind things these people will do in response to the call that is heard most clearly at Christmas time. And ever so many of them, faulty as they are, will go on all the days of the year trying to choose — well, to choose 'the church with the whole of heaven and our Father God.' "

"Bless you, my dear," said one who was listening with us, "you make me think of the old prophet's prayer for the opening of two young eyes that they might see — and how they soon saw the hosts of the Lord all round about! "

Does any one need to be told that a picture of children playing London Bridge shines in our thoughts this clouded Christmastide? And one figure stands out, charming us most of all. It is that little girl — she who dared to make the Christian appeal in a scene of common life, bravely trusting it to win, even as the hopeful Christmas angels did long ago in the midst of poor shepherds.

XXXVII

LIGHT YOUR CHRISTMAS CANDLES

Just a year ago all Boston and its environs were singing "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." Have you forgotten that simple yet altogether irresistible song? Try whistling it; then, as the words come back to mind, sing it again. There is greater need of its spell this year than last, surely; and there is no better call to sound this Christmas Eve. For the essential spirit of Christmastide is to brighten each nook of common life — lighting up the shadows we cannot wholly dispel, kindling the gleam of cheer and good-will in the little corner of the struggling world where we ourselves are. We can do this if we will; for the old words are as true as they are beautiful, "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord."

Why is it that candles have been lighted at Christmas-time for so many centuries? Because there has always been occasion for signaling the fact that Christmas cheer is and must ever be an overcoming of gloom by enkindled light. The story of the very first Christmas has its dark side. There was no room in the inn for the weary young mother, great with child, amid the noisy jostle of farmers, merchants, soldiers; and Herod's massacre of Bethlehem children sent black terror to all loving hearts. There has

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been many a Christmas darkened by war and calamity since then. The ancient Yuletide of nature-worshipping races in Europe, which has, in fact, fixed the season for the celebration of that first Christmas, actually marked the time of winter's completest darkening. At Yuletide they rejoiced because the sun was at its solstice—was stopping in its wintry descent and would turn to bring light and warmth and summer again. Therefore, they lighted candles, as the visible symbol of their brave inward cheer. Christians keeping Christmas saw the fine significance of the candle shining in the dark, and adopted it as a token of their own overcoming cheer and good hope.

Christendom never faced a darker Christmas than the one we now keep. But it is certain that the world never saw such vast agencies of mercy and help as are at work everywhere in the present war-welter. Ours is a world in which love refuses to cower and yield! See to it that you help maintain this triumph of the human spirit. "Brighten the corner where you are." Light your Christmas candles—literally if you enjoy the charm of a quaint old custom, or else in some other way let your dwelling's brightness bespeak your cheer even now. And make sure that the light in your window shines on a Red Cross. For that is the token that you are helping to throw a gleam of love's light "over there," as well as at home.

XXXVIII

A CHRISTMAS SONG

Come, my heart, canst thou not hear it,
Mid the tumult of thy days?
Catch the old sweet song of angels,
Join thy voice to swell their praise!
Hast thou never shared the blessing,
Never known kind Heaven's gift?
Bethlehem thy Saviour cradled!
Heart of mine, a song uplift.

First to hear where drowsing shepherds,
Sore afraid that winter's night;
Soon to Bethlehem they hurried —
Lo, the song they heard was right!
Ever since, all they who hear it
Find a Saviour where they dwell;
Sing it, heart! Who knows what toilers
Thou the Christward way shalt tell?

Long ago the angels vanished.
Oh, their song is sounding still!
Millions now with hope are singing,
“Peace on earth, to men good will.”
Sing, my heart! Though peace may tarry,
Sing good will amid the strife!
Join the old sweet song whose music
Will attune to Heav'n thy life.

XXXIX

AS YEARS PASS

“ If it were feasible,” says Senator Lodge in the Senate chamber, “ and if I were a despot, and could do it by a single stroke, I would wipe drink off the face of the earth.”

“ Oh,” shouts Billy Sunday in his tabernacle, “ Oh, if I were only God for four minutes! ” — then he thunders what he would do with the same and certain other evils.

Many are saying as this distraught year ends: “ If God has the power to stop all these horrors of war, why doesn’t He do it — how can He be good if He allows such things to go on?”

Meanwhile the Father of all, having the sovereign power and being God not for a little but forever, does not wipe the earth of evils, or smash all workers of iniquity, or stop the world’s man-made troubles outright. No; he lets his sons and daughters keep their dower of freedom, while they muddle on. Nothing that goodness and mercy, law and love can devise to help them is left undone. He warns them by countless danger signals, prohibits, enjoins, restrains by ways and means now sharp, now tender, throws the guard of the good round about their wayward lives unfailingly. And He waits with yearning patience, never despairing

AS YEARS PASS

— waits for His children to learn to live as He longs to have them live.

So man has come to what he is, and will come to what he is to be. For this is the way of the Everlasting Father.

XL

JACOB'S LADDER IN TO-DAY'S NEWS

“ We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

“ Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision fades,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.”
— *J. G. Holland.*

The British advance through Palestine is renewing acquaintance with Bible lore for many. Our allies have now traversed about a third of the distance marked off in the ancient phrase, “ From Dan to Beersheba,” which has carried over into modern speech. First, coming up from the south, they brought Beersheba and Hebron, Abraham’s home region, into the newspapers. Then they caused Jerusalem and Bethlehem to emerge in the day’s news as actualities, lending unique enhancement to a shadowed Christmas-tide; and with them Joppa, the seaport where a Hebrew Christian voiced the principle of democracy, over which this world-war is waging. Now the British have pushed a dozen miles northward from Jerusalem and are battling at Bethel. A fine Bible story is laid at Bethel, one

JACOB'S LADDER IN TO-DAY'S NEWS

which yields a message greatly needed as January brings us into the fateful year, 1918.

It was at Bethel that Jacob, journeying up from Beersheba and in trouble over the robbing of his brother in the matter of his natural rights, had his dream of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven. The British troops will see there, even now, the surroundings which made the setting for that dream. Round about the little plain's chaos of rocks and loose stones, amid which the weary and distraught man "took one of the stones of that place, and put it under his head, and lay down in that place to sleep" as the sun was setting, are still seen the limestone terraces which make flights of steps up the encompassing hillsides. We all know how the things of real life enter into the texture of dreams. At any rate, the dream came; and Jacob's ladder was added to the treasury of the human spirit.

No imagery could more vividly portray what he needed to be assured of then, and what many need now. In times of trouble, usually brought on by some sort of human wrong-doing, as was the case then and is surely so on a vast scale now, men and women feel that God must be turned against them. Depression then deepens to the gloom of despair. Hope flickers out, cheer fades away, courage expires. In that plight, Jacob saw in his dream, rising from the very place of his depression and reaching to

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heaven, a ladder. Upon it angels were going up and coming back; and from its top a voice sounded: "I will be with thee, and will keep thee, and will bless thee, and will make thee a blessing." Only a dream? But that dream gathered up in clear visualization the inbred but overwhelmed convictions of his soul — of all devout souls. It cheered Jacob beyond telling. When he was wide awake, he stood in morning light brighter than sunshine, and said, "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not." That realization heartened him, mastering his life through all gruelling experiences.

This Bethel story, now that the British advance has brought it to modern notice, is timely reading for days like these.

" For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

XLI

THE MYSTERY OF THE SMOKING LEDGE

Have you read the story? A trapper amid the snow-hushed hills of western Massachusetts, a few days ago, spied smoke issuing from a ledge of rocks in the depths of a dense forest. He did not know what to make of it. All sorts of fearsome notions beset him as he ventured on attempts to solve the mystery. But when he had summoned help and they went in at the opening detected, bearing lanterns, and all hands armed to meet whatever might be encountered, they discovered a lone man bending over a small fire in the act of roasting a bit of meat. And they learned from him that he was living there, in January weather, to escape the service men are summoned to render in war-time!

The mystery of the smoking ledge would serve somebody well to point a moral or adorn a tale. For most of life's experiences that puzzle and trouble us mortals are much like this of the smoking ledge. We conjure up no end of dire thoughts about them — about diseases, disasters, and especially such distresses as are now come on the world, when the whole of civilized life is like a smoking ledge. We think

MYSTERY OF THE SMOKING LEDGE

of nature as malign, of fateful evil powers as lying in ambush against us, even of God himself as causing things which confound us as we go the rounds of common life. But by and by we discover, in one instance after another, precisely what this trapper did — that the things which alarm and puzzle and trouble us are really due to some human aberration from right doing. We are wrong in thinking that fate or nature or God are responsible for the mysteries of suffering and sorrow. The truth is that some human being who has gone wrong is down under most of the smoking ledges that mystify us. To get this clear in one's mind is of the greatest importance, especially in times like these.

This young man hid under the smoking ledge told a story vividly significant. He was there to escape the duty of all when all that we cherish is imperilled. He confessed that he had crept out at night to buy food in a town miles away — he couldn't subsist without drawing on the common provisions for welfare which are now in jeopardy. He acknowledged having been obliged by illness in his cave to go and secretly spend a week in a hotel's comfort — he would have died like a wild animal but for such shelter in the established order he was refusing to help maintain. He had even tramped far through the snow on a winter night to peer through a window at his sister's family, happy around their home's bright fireplace — his man's heart, craven as it

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was, longed for a glimpse of those sanctities which sound-hearted men are now going forth to safeguard. Food, shelter, the realm of love! These are the primary human imperatives, as even the man under the smoking ledge bears witness. And these, with many other blessings, are now put in peril by ruthless foes, overseas and here at home as truly. Could anything show the folly and wrong of failing to defend them more strikingly than the story of this man under the smoking ledge?

XLII

ENTER NEW ACTORS ON AN ANCIENT STAGE

“British air service,” says the latest dispatch from Palestine, “has executed bombing raids on the enemy at Jenin.” To the general reader this means little. But to those who understand its import this bit of news is like the signal when the curtain is about to rise on a stage scene of classic awesomeness. The British troops, with captured Jerusalem behind them and the rocky hills of Samaria ahead, are still pushing northward — they have “executed bombing air raids on the enemy at Jenin.” Now, Jenin is an ancient Moslem village, where the northernmost hills of Samaria slope down to the strangely-contrasted plain of Esdraelon — there where the traveler used to see, beside an old well, those dusky girls with water jars, whose wonderful black eyes and white teeth charmed their furtive smiles! And this plain of Esdraelon is history-charmed, indeed.

It has been well said that this plain is, in its natural setting, like a vast theatre with a clearly-defined stage having its proper entrances and exits. For it is walled in from the Mediterranean by the ridge of Carmel, the hills of Galilee holding Nazareth on the north, shapely Mt. Tabor

NEW ACTORS ON AN ANCIENT STAGE

and Little Hermon and Gilboa on the east, and Samaria's hills southward; and it has bays of its own levels running out between these encompassing heights like the wings of a theatre's stage. In keeping with this striking natural setting, on this plain how many of time's star actors have appeared in history's changing lights!

Here Israel's men were led to victory by two women in the battle celebrated by that exultant song preserved in the fifth chapter of Judges; here Gideon, with his picked men, routed their foes by the ruse of setting up a great clamor as they broke the pitchers that concealed their flaring torches in a night attack; here King Saul fell and his son Jonathan, for whom David composed that incomparable battle dirge, which ends:

“ I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan;
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me;
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished! ”

Here, too, Alexander the Great swept all before him. Here Antiochus moved to defeat with his lumbering elephants and war engines. Here Mark Antony and Titus led victorious Roman legions, early Christian warriors flocked and built churches, Moslem hordes put them to flight. Here the Crusaders floated their proud ensigns, and here, in the twelfth century, the

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Moslems under Saladin crushed their vain-glorious hopes forever. Here in the early nineteenth century Napoleon made his first great retreat.

Now, after another century, the British are making air raids on Jenin and slowly pushing their way to this beautiful but fateful plain. What will happen there soon, in the great duel between Germany and England for control of the route to India and the East? For that is what the struggle in Palestine really is. According to Biblical forecast, Armageddon, the final great encounter between the forces of good and of evil, will be fought at this unmatched battlefield. It is too soon, no doubt, to expect that decisive conflict anywhere yet. But we may watch, with a keen sense of dramatic possibilities, when a scene of the present world-war is staged on the reputedly blood-reddened plain of Esdraelon.

XLIII

A TEXT FOR THE TIMES

"We are not of them that shrink back unto perdition; but of them that have faith unto the gaining of the soul."—Hebrews 10 : 39.

The public mind, as we face the stupendous issues of 1918, is in a state much like that of riders on the whirling hobby-horses at a circus. The people are considerably "razzle-dazzled." They feel the need of something to get hold of to steady their heads. We propose, as a first-rate mental and spiritual steadier, this stanch text from a certain splendid piece of literature.

We have been pouring out money to make all sorts of huge funds; we have been sending our young men to training camps and across the sea; hosts of women have been achieving immense outputs of handwork for use in camp and field and hospital; business men have been doing their level best to handle their affairs in loyal conformity to fuel and food, shipping and closure mandates. Suddenly a big jolt came. Senator Chamberlain's speech, arraigning the government for not getting things done, voiced a widespread uneasiness, not to say disgust, and precipitated a general vociferation at Washington and throughout the press.

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But hardly has the country uttered its demand that matters be set right for going ahead with all speed, when we hear, as shown through a Washington correspondent in a letter of yesterday, that there have been bewildering shifts in what our allies have called on us to do. First, he points out, we were to center our efforts chiefly on preparing and forwarding war supplies with foodstuffs and money. When Marshal Joffre became our guest he pleaded that we send men to join the fighting — that we do so as soon as possible. A relatively small force of American troops, it was urged, would have a telling effect on the morale of the French and British hosts. We started in on this altogether different process. Then a call began to sound across the sea for us to send a host of men — to come and make an overwhelming manpower, such as alone could win the war.

Obviously all this required enormous gear-shifting. However much we may insist on the defects of certain men in power and their methods, it is only fair to recognize that such throwing of the clutch in the midst of huge proceedings must have inevitably worked great confusion. The American mind has an instinct to be fair. The present storm of criticism will doubtless speed preparations for victorious war. But it will work for good if our people remember these circumstances and thereby aid themselves to regain good courage and confidence. It is

A TEXT FOR THE TIMES

a time when we all need to "get hold of something to steady our heads."

Try the text we have suggested. Commit it to memory. Say it over when you are low-spirited. Repeat it to the down-hearted. Phrase by phrase, it gathers up the truths that will empower us for these times. We are not of them that shrink back — our history is proof. Shrinking back is unto perdition — the German ruthlessness leaves no doubt. We are of them that have faith — faith in ourselves, our ideals, our powers and resources, our cause, our heroic allies, and our righteous God. And this faith is "unto the gaining of the soul" of this nation — now, as it was when Lincoln struggled through the last great conflict.

XLIV

"BE NOT WEARY IN BAD DOING"

No, reader, the above heading is not, as you probably think, "one more thing gone wrong, like almost everything else nowadays." It looks like a blunder, but it really isn't. The words you suppose to be correct, "Be not weary in well-doing," are the excellent advice of an ancient philosopher; but we are now commending the counsel of a modern philosopher — one who still walks Boston streets. He has seen the need of turning the other side of the ancient advice by saying, "Be not weary in bad doing." It occurs to us that this is a good time to bring Professor Palmer's sage *bon mot* to general notice — so many things seem to be badly done just now.

Our philosopher, speaking of winning success as a writer, names as the crowning prerequisite "Refusal to lose heart." No matter what mistakes and failures are made, "so long as one is getting oneself hammered into shape" there must be no "growing weary in bad doing." That advice rings true in all sorts of life matters. The way men and women bear themselves when things are badly done, by themselves or others, shows their metal and determines the outcome. All Americans greatly need to be reminded of this just now.

“ BE NOT WEARY IN BAD DOING ”

We are in the midst of surging dissatisfaction. Many matters touching us personally and many others involving our fate as a nation seem to be badly handled. The deeper sacrifices of war have not yet brought the heroic mood which welds a whole people into glowing oneness. We are threshing out ways and means. We are calling the responsible heads of government to an accounting. There is unquestionably much to warrant this, allowing for all possible misapprehension of facts. There will result a definite girding up of officials and methods and the whole war-making process. All this had to be undergone in our Civil War, as any biography of Lincoln abundantly shows. It has been passed through by our great allies in the present war. “ You will come through it all right, as we did,” said an eminent Englishman in Boston a few days ago. We must see all in this larger light and “ refuse to lose heart.”

Near the end of the war for the Union, referring to precisely such experiences, Lincoln said: “ What has occurred in this case must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good.” Therefore, there must now be no relaxing of devotion to duty, no slackening of zeal in doing all that private citizens can do to win this war. Disappointments and blunders, delays and

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failures must be faced with the reassuring remembrance that we are "getting ourselves hammered into shape." And through all there must be no "growing weary in bad doing."

XLV

OUR BENEFACTOR — THE SUN

“ Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy March, in praise of thee,
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

“ For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun doth bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.”
— *Bryant*.

“ A pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun,” and this ancient verdict will be rendered from these March days onward as never before in our generation. For the winter now nearly over and gone has been an uncommonly hard one; both nature and human affairs have gone to extremes in the conditions developed. Even dear old nature, too, has seemed to be possessed by demons warring on life and all its blessings. Therefore will mortals now hail the sun's triumphing with more than ordinary gladness. The first signs thereof are like glimpses of distant banners to long-beleaguered men; when the sun shall have brought about us the thronging life of springtime it will be as when into a grimly defended city an army of deliverance surges.

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While we await this transformation of our lot — soon, very soon, to be consummated — it is heartening to recall that "the glad and glorious sun" has really been our faithful benefactor all winter long. Though millions of miles away, this supreme reality in nature has held our troubled earth from plunging headlong through space — has kept it secure in its ponderous flight, as it swept on a million and a half miles each day, eighteen miles a second, whirling on its axis at the dizzy rate of nearly 25,000 miles a day. We have not in the least realized all this, the appeal of our planet through the prayer of gravitation has been so availing and the response of the sun's power so unfailing. But, in truth, throughout the winter of our discontent, through its bleakest days and bitterest nights, the sun was all the while swinging our earth onward to a position relative to itself which would cause spring's ecstasies to break forth as we shall soon witness them.

More than that, the coal we burned, when we could get it in spite of man's muddling, to overcome the winter's cold, was made to grow in its original vegetation ages ago by the same sun; the wood that enclosed our homes thus warmed, and shut out the storms, the sun grew in more recent years; and day by day it sent its rays to sterilize disease germs, purify the air we breathed, and cheer us while snows lay deep and winds were wild. We could not have survived the winter

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without these ministries, and but for the sun our earth itself would now be a shattered mass of wreckage somewhere in the abysses of space — we only lifeless little flecks in its rubbish.

These ceaseless and vast benefactions should not be allowed to go without sterling joy therein. In consequence of them, the gladness of shining grass, the charm of peeping leaves and buds and sweet-faced flowers, the songs of birds accompanying our heart-beats, will soon match the tingling newness of life in ourselves, and we shall make ready with confidence for the yield of field and orchard where all has been most bleak and bare so long.

No wonder primitive men worshipped the sun. Nor is it without warrant that in this demonstrable wonder-work for us we moderns see a likeness of the care divine that “moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.”

XLVI

“BUT PETER FOLLOWED”

It is time for somebody to say a word for Peter. A magazine of repute is exploiting an article entitled “Peter Sat by the Fire Warming Himself.” This article charges that our clergymen are doing much like Peter in the present world tragedy. Eminent religious journals have retorted with much force that religious leaders, as well as the rank and file of pastors, are doing quite the opposite of sitting by the fire warming themselves. Be that as it may, there is another word of far greater importance to be spoken — proclaimed, in fact, until it rings in people’s ears. Incidentally, it will throw a different light on Peter and his present-day successors.

Recall the story. Poor Peter, everlastingly silhouetted in the firelight as he warmed himself, should be seen as the whole story shows him. He it was who had drawn his sword and begun using it man-fashion in the glare of the torches, that midnight when the great tragedy started. When his Master was led away by his enemies and “they all forsook him and fled,” all the four accounts say, “but Peter followed” — afar at first, but soon to the very door where the tragedy was deepening. His breakdown at

“ BUT PETER FOLLOWED ”

last, under the terrific strain inside that door, must be viewed in remembrance of all this. Furthermore, be it remembered, Peter was not the only one who, as he sat by the fire warming himself, was taking the situation as quiescently as possible under the circumstances. Where was Matthew, the tax collector? Where was James, the hard-headed and practical man? Where were those women of substance — the wife of King Herod's steward, and the rest? Judas was stealthily holding his gains until shame undid him, as everybody knows. But where were these others? When they emerge into view again in the story, they were “ standing afar off ” — just looking on! “ But Peter followed.”

We have said enough. The ministers of religion must not be made “ the goat ” now. Allowing for all that can justly be maintained as to their shortcomings, they are at least not worse than the rest of us as regards this matter of sitting by the fire warming ourselves. We are all doing that, more or less, to date. All classes of Americans are entirely too quiescent, too self-indulgent, too willing to let matters take their course while they themselves take care of their own comfort and welfare. We all need to quit such folly. We are at war. We are, hour by hour, entering a stupendous struggle — the most humanly fateful conflict in history. And we as a people are, on the whole, still taking

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our ease, still looking out for our own comfort — sitting by the fire warming ourselves. Wake up, and square yourself to help win the war, everybody!

XLVII

"DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP"

A New York magazine gives editorial approval to a declaration of five Berlin clergymen which it prints in full. It calls on its readers to join in getting this declaration published in American newspapers throughout the country.

The tone of this declaration is apparently noble and meant to be magnanimous. The five Berlin pastors avow that it is made in conjunction with many Protestant men and women in Germany. This is important, as a matter of fact. "Conscious," they declare, "of the Christian heritage and Christian aims which we hold in common with them, we extend to all fellow believers, to those in enemy countries also, our heartfelt and brotherly greeting." To stop there would be nothing short of Judas-like, betraying with a kiss.

But the declaration immediately adds: "We recognize the deepest causes of the present war to lie in the anti-Christian powers which control the lives of the people of the earth, their mutual suspicion, their worship of force, and their covetousness." This, coming from Berlin and from men of recognized standing, may be one of the most significant news items which has made its way to the

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world outside the German wall of fire. Are the German church folk really recognizing all this at last? Note how each phrase of the sentence just quoted goes to the core of the indictment which mankind is now pressing against Germany. Specially note that these German pastors say these dire charges are true of "the powers that control the lives of the people of the earth." To be sure, other governments are included in this arraignment; but so is their own. The words used clearly disclose that they are distinguishing between the German people and their government.

The point of great moment is that German pastors have dared to do this — have dared to lay such charges against their government. Who can put into words the vast connotation of what that fact may signal to the world? It may be that therein once more "deep calleth unto deep"—that the depths of the German conscience and godly fear are therein calling unto the depths of righteous judgment and sacrificial suffering to which the rest of the world has resorted. It may be that this German declaration opens the way to those words which follow the psalmist's "deep calleth unto deep"—those trouble-conquering words, "Hope thou in God."

Yet we must not for a moment let our war-making zeal be slackened by this declaration's possible import. The plea of these German pastors for "a peace by mutual agreement and

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reconciliation ” can be sanely complied with only when we have broken and bound the diabolical power which controls the lives of the German people and with ruthless fury is seeking to crush and so control our lives also. These German “ fellow believers ” have only confirmed our reasons for thus proceeding. We know they are right about their controlling power, even though they misunderstand the spirit of our own government. There can be no peace, for them or for us, while such a power is unmanacled, and, if it must be, destroyed. Therefore, fight we must, until that power which controls their lives is stripped of strength to trample ours. Then we shall be ready for a peace by mutual agreement and reconciliation.

XLVIII

RISING TO THE HEROIC MOOD

“ The hero is not fed on sweets;
Daily his own heart he eats.”

— *Emerson.*

Not a few born and bred Americans are just now more dangerous than even the German spies whose schemings demand unsparing measures. The need of looking out for them is greater than that of rectifying our bungling and speeding our belated tasks in material preparations for war, huge as the latter need is. For they assail the minds and souls of our people — the spirit of the nation — apart from which our man-power, money, munitions and ships to convey all overseas, will prove of little avail. As Judge Hughes recently declared, we greatly need to give immediate and vigorous attention to psychological preparedness for winning the war. The Americans to whom we refer menace this more perilously than any agents Germany can muster among us.

There are two classes of these dangerous Americans. Neither of them is intentionally or even knowingly hostile to our country's cause. Both, rather, are in a distinctly pathological state of mind — by which a physician means, showing symptoms resulting from unhealthy

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conditions. One class is abnormally optimistic. They are hectic in their unconcern and cheerfulness. They simply will not see the dire facts, will not cease indulging in the idea that there is no need of their taking any radical action. They thus lull the aroused anxieties of those about them and delude them into a negligence sure to prove fatal. The other class is composed of victims of minds detoned, ungirt by lowered vitality, morbid. They are fatally pessimistic. They are stripped of that triumph over distressing facts in which Tennyson rejoiced — the triumph of not being “left with the palsied heart, and with the jaundiced eye.” Such persons see that vast and priceless treasures are at stake in the present struggle; they realize the ominous situation now overseas; they are awed by reports of German achievements and of our own muddling in getting ready. And then — then they themselves slump, weakly completing the situation they deplore! They talk their despondency. They thus sap the nation’s strength of spirit which alone can empower it to safeguard the imperilled treasures by going victoriously into the critical situation abroad — cravenly betray the nation which they, by all the sanctities of American life, and they only, can empower to meet the crisis which America must now master or else lose her God-given light and lower her flag in wretched gloom.

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Every American ought to rouse himself against yielding to either of these deadly maladies, in others or in himself. The issues in this war are great indeed, the situation just now most critical. Therefore, throw off ease; go to it to help win. On the other hand, because the issues are so great and the situation so black, your personal reaction as a citizen of the foremost free nation should be the more bounding and courageously resolute. Every man of us, every woman, every boy and girl in America, should rise to the heroic mood from this day forward. Spurn self-deluding ease. Spurn, too, the utter treachery of depressed and depressing talk or action. "We can, if we will — and we will," is a famous saying which every American must make his watchword, his slogan, through good or ill, until this war is won. Colonel Roosevelt has put the truth for the times into words of glowing clearness: "It is by no means necessary that a great nation should always stand at the heroic level. But no nation has the root of greatness in it unless in time of need it can rise to the heroic mood."

XLIX

THE SERVICE FLAG

"A child's pure eyes can mirror more
Than world-worn hearts are apt to see!"
So thought I, when a passing friend
This story left with me.

A neighbor's little one looked out,
As evening shadows filled the room,
Beneath a one-star service flag
Against the window's gloom.

The prattler spied the evening star
Where red still bordered paling blue.
"Oh, mother, look!" he called, "God's hung
His service flag up, too!"

One mother hand caressed their flag;
The other toyed with flaxen hair;
Her lips then gave her child a kiss —
They gave her God a prayer.

And then, "Yes, dear," the mother sighed.
Ere long she cheered her voice to say:
"God let His Son leave home for us —
For Him our John's away."

A child's pure eyes can mirror more
Than world-worn hearts are apt to see;
But sorrow-deepened souls alone
Discern life's sanctity.

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